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The Week

THE Mississippi Valley Flood Control Conference, which adjourned last week in Chicago, seems to have been a singularly useless body. Organized by and for politicians, and in particular Mayor Thompson of the Windy City, it produced some hours of vehement oratory and very little else. A resolution was passed asking President Coolidge to call another conference, for the purpose of working out a national policy toward flood control—an action which he was fairly certain to take, in any case. The Chicago gathering cautiously resolved that levees, spillways and storage reservoirs are all good, and should all be included in the general plan. It applauded to the echo Speaker Longworth's assertion that the heart of President Coolidge is 100 percent with the flood sufferers. However, the President is like even higher authority, in that whom he loveth he chasteneth; for Speaker Longworth also let it be known, delicately, that Mr. Coolidge does not intend to call any special session of Congress to vote funds. Although the disaster is the worst in our history, although 700,000 people have had their homes wholly or partly destroyed, although the damage is at least a quarter of a billion dollars, Mr. Coolidge intends to leave everything to the Red Cross and the banks, for the next six months. The Red Cross drive has virtually broken down, after raising about $14,500,000. The credit corporation scheme has obtained a loan fund of $1,500,000, and hopes to get $2,000,000 more. However, let the flood victims be of good cheer. If they can just manage to get along without food, clothing, houses, seed, work animals and everything else, until December, the President's loyal heart has an appointment to begin to bleed for them at that time.

GOVERNOR Fuller of Massachusetts has done the only possible thing, in appointing a committee to aid him in dealing with the Sacco-Vanzetti case. We are glad to note that he is big enough to reverse his previous decision when he realized the consequences which would have followed his attempt to settle the matter unaided. We take it for granted that the Governor and his advisers will rule that Sacco and Vanzetti did not have a fair trial; we believe any other conclusion is unthinkable to fair-minded men who have examined the history of the case. It would be folly not to recognize that there is a large section of the public which wants Sacco and Vanzetti to die. Among these there may be some who sincerely believe that they had a fair trial; but beyond doubt there are many more who feel that, whether innocent or not, they should be killed, either because they are anarchists or because putting them to death will "uphold the sanctity of the courts." A decision in favor of the radicals will come as a bitter blow to these groups, which include some of the wealthiest and most eminent persons of Boston. Governor Fuller's advisory committee, composed as it is of three stalwart conservatives, President Lowell of Harvard, President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and former Judge Grant, will help to distribute the load of resentment which the Governor must inevitably precipitate.

THE magnificent flight of the "Columbia," coming so close on the heels of Lindbergh's achieve-

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ment, has caused many persons to predict that before long a regular transatlantic air service will be available. This may be true; but the circumstances of the recent flights should rather discourage the prophets than give them ground for hope. Here were three of the most skilful pilots in the world—Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Byrd. They had three fine airplanes, specially designed and built for such arduous undertakings as this. Every possible aid of science was brought to bear. Yet all three of these men were forced to wait weeks for a favorable turn of the weather; after one of them took a chance and made the flight, a fortnight intervened before the next dared start; and the third, as we go to press, has not gone, and most people undoubtedly hope, in view of the risk and the fact that the trick has now been turned twice, that he will stay on the ground. The success of Messrs. Lindbergh, Chamberlin and Levine should deceive no one; trans-oceanic flight is still one of the most dangerous things any man can attempt. All the more honor, therefore, to these who have achieved it.

SECRETARY Mellon, in addition to being the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton, may also turn out to be the most costly and wasteful Secretary of the Treasury in history. The Treasury Department announces that in offering a new bond issue at 3 3-8 percent to redeem the second Liberty Loan 4 1-4 bonds, it has, by the reduction of 7-8 percent in the rate on the $1,697,337,050 outstanding, saved the government about $14,851,000 annually in interest. But the saving is complicated by consideration of how long the new rate must be paid. The new bonds are not callable until 1943. The market for government securities has greatly strengthened since the War and will probably continue to strengthen, as it did after the Civil War. A few months ago, the Treasury redeemed part of the second Liberties with five-year notes at 3 1-2 percent. It might have done the same thing again. In that case its saving in interest for five years would have been less by 1-8 percent annually, or about $10,000,000 for the period. But at the end of the five years it might have refunded at a considerably lower rate. Let us suppose, to be conservative, that in 1932 it could have offered 3 percent. It would then save 3-8 percent annually or $6,365,640, above what it now will be able to do. This saving for eleven years would amount to over $70,000,000—assuming that there would be no further refunding operations at still lower rates, and assuming that the issue could not be redeemed for cash. Thus a net saving to the Treasury of $60,000,000—at the lowest estimate—was made impossible by the recent action of the Secretary.

WHY should Secretary Mellon have committed such a blunder—especially after his former refunding by short-term notes had been so warmly praised? British commentators, in particular, had looked with envy upon us for being able to afford the present expense of this future saving—something the state of their treasury did not permit. Can it be that the political expediency of more tax reduction, in the face of a probably declining Treasury surplus, made it incumbent upon him to shave off current expenses by this expedient, even at such great cost in the future? Or did his desire further to favor the rich by reduction of surtax rates make him careless of the future interests of the taxpayers? Or was he moved by a tender-hearted concern for investors who will be able to profit by buying long-term government securities certain to appreciate before many years? Though all these explanations are discreditable to the administration, any of them seems more credible than that such an experienced financier was guilty of the stupidity of not knowing what the effect of his choice would be. It is to be hoped that in coming redemption operations he will not continue to saddle upon future Secretaries the immense and unnecessary burden which a continuation of this policy would involve.

PRESIDENT Calles has ordered all departments of the Mexican government to buy no more goods in the United States. They may still purchase materials of American origin, but only indirectly, from Mexican middlemen. This action reveals to the public for the first time the fact that we are enforcing at least a partial arms embargo, not merely against Mexican revolutionaries, but against the Calles regime itself. The President's order was issued because his government has paid for goods bought in the United States and has then been unable, because of interference by Washington, to have these goods delivered. This has been true of a number of airplanes, of some machine guns, and other war material purchased during recent months. The reason for this extraordinary procedure? The one alleged is fear that some of this material might find its way to Dr. Sacasa, leader of the Liberals in Nicaragua. The incident was typical of our recent State Department policy toward Mexico. It was arrogant; it was not conducted in accordance with diplomatic usage as between powers supposedly free, independent and of equal status; and finally, it was kept secret for months, and revealed at last only indirectly and from a Mexican source.

LATE spring is the dangerous season in the Balkans. The roads are open, the crops are all planted, there is nothing much to do—so why not have a war? This year has had its fair share of rumors of trouble, and now at least a minor crisis has been reached between Jugoslavia and Albania. M. Gjourachkovitch, an attaché of the Jugoslav delegation, has been arrested at Tirana for espionage. To Jugoslavia's protest that he should have diplomatic immunity, Albania replies that he is a citizen of the latter country. A rupture of relations seems immi-

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nent. Behind Ahmed Zogu Bey, the Albanian dictator, stands Mussolini. Behind Mussolini, at least to a certain degree, stands England. Behind Jugoslavia stands France. Nor must one forget the League of Nations. It is mainly upon England and France, however, that the hope of peace depends. A few weeks ago they persuaded Italy and Jugoslavia to behave themselves; and they can probably do so again. But Europe's nerves are too jumpy to enjoy any further repetitions of the spectacle.

NEW Yorkers who are used to being gouged by theater-ticket speculators are having the rare privilege, these days, of seeing where their money went. One of these *entrepreneurs* was foolish enough, not long ago, to charge murderous prices to a party of Washington officials who were in the metropolis for a little holiday. By way of retaliation, the victims started an inquiry to see whether the ticketeers were giving the government one half of all their profits, as provided by law, when more than fifty cents advance is charged on each seat. It was found, we report with surprise and regret, that they were doing nothing of the sort. Most of them kept two sets of books, one of which was intended for the eyes of the prying tax collector, and showed only a demure and proper charge of fifty cents. The other revealed the actual charges, often double the box-office price, and always including an extra 10 per cent of the total for an entirely mythical "war tax."

AS a result of the furore, talk is again heard of a central ticket office, to be supported coöperatively by the managers, at which seats for all theaters would be on sale at box-office prices. This happy thought has been put forward again and again, but always, at the last moment, things have gone awry because the managers have fallen to quarreling among themselves. Even were it instituted, it would solve but half the problem. Thousands of seats are already being sold every day, at a "central ticket office," not at box-office prices but at half as much, through Mr. Joe Leblang's famous "Public Service Ticket Office, Inc." These seats are offered at bargain rates, because the productions happen to be somewhat out of public favor. Every one of the theaters, however, continues to operate its own box office. When a patron presents himself there, does the gentleman behind the grillwork say, "Excuse me, sir, but you can save half your money by stepping downstairs and patronizing Mr. Leblang?" He does not. Yet who can say it is any more reprehensible to charge $6.60 for a $3.30 seat, than it is to charge $3.30 for the same seat when its market value has sunk to $1.65? For our part, we feel an inconsistency in the plaints of most of those who are protesting the iniquities of the brokers. Since it is obvious that seats for a good theatrical performance are worth four times as much as seats for one less good, why do they grieve when the business men of the theater, albeit by a somewhat circuitous route, seek to recognize that difference in fact?

The Magic of Publicity

THE many-headed public which is nourished by the newspapers and is intoxicated by the radio obeyed a wholesome impulse when it took a peculiarly vivid interest in the transatlantic flight of Charles Lindbergh. There was something lyric as well as heroic about the apparition of this young Lochinvar who suddenly came out of the West and who flew all unarmed and all alone. It is the kind of stuff which the ancient Greeks would have worked into a myth and the medieval Scots into a border ballad. In the myth and the ballad, the net deposit would have been poetry, which need not have obscured an original substratum of fact. But what we have in the case of Lindbergh is an actual, an heroic and an exhaustively exposed experience which exists by suggestion in the form of poetry. At present it is only news—apparently the best and the most news which has come to the surface since the World War. Its recorders are reporters who are as far as possible from being poets. Yet they can no more obscure the poetic rhythm and life of the lonely flight than an architect can prevent a forty-story building from mixing, in certain atmospheric conditions, a kind of sublimity with a kind of fanciful and almost playful beauty.

The newspapers have certainly done their best to throw a glare of publicity on the swift Odyssey of Charles Lindbergh, which would have dissolved any but an essential latent poetry. The incident is a most illuminating illustration of the magical enhancement which is produced in a human being by suddenly becoming big news. Here is an engaging young man who, a few weeks ago, was superficially indistinguishable from hundreds of thousands of other young Americans. He accomplishes, with a really beautiful propriety, a remarkable feat. While his flight to Paris was probably less dangerous and forlorn than Commander Byrd's flight to the North Pole, it was, none the less, a superb adventure which deserved to be gloriously celebrated. It has been celebrated with such a terrific hullabaloo that the celebration itself has assumed a more wonder-working quality than the original exploit. All sorts of people have acquired merit or have tried to acquire both merit and money from being associated with it.

Of course, the outstanding individual who has been magically transformed by virtue of a single exploit is Lindbergh himself. The resulting publicity, which makes the life of the Prince of Wales look like that of a cloistered recluse, has wrought a miracle in him. His opinions, which in April would have had the commercial value of those of a thirty-dollar-a-week reporter, command for the moment more attention and a greater price than those of Lloyd George plus those of George Bernard Shaw. His salutation confers credit on great and time-honored things, just as Gloria Swanson confers credit on a cold cream by a testimonial in its favor. He somehow adds to the potentialities of the po-

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tentates whom he visits or the cities on which he descends or the Derbys which he patronizes. The President of France is apparently a more worthy ruler and Paris a more completely urbane city since Young Lochinvar extended to them the favor of his company. On the other hand, the abandonment of his plan to fly to Berlin has, according to all accounts, cheapened the office of President Hindenburg and added a new bitterness to the cup of Germany's defeat. By ignoring Mussolini, he increased the instability and uneasiness of Europe. For the Duce was obliged to inflate his chest and utter a terrific speech in order to regain credit in his own eyes and his sufficient share of the world's attention. Nor could President Coolidge allow the miraculous lad to land on his native soil near New York and be greeted by Mayor Walker with Al Smith thrown incidentally in. Young Lochinvar was ordered to steer straight and swift for Washington, there to lay hands on the good but thrifty Calvin, before he could enjoy the frivolity of a welcome back to the roaring but crestfallen metropolis.

Of course, the real potentates who are playing any part in this fairy tale know that there is more poetry than truth in the Lindbergh wonders. In a few weeks, as they are probably saying to themselves, they will still be presiding over the destinies of nations, while Young Lochinvar will have vanished back into the West and may be discovered somewhere, some time, punching a time-clock. So, at least, we may reasonably expect. For he does not appear to take his sudden magic any too seriously. He has smilingly acquiesced in his marvelous popularity, and he has profited by his opportunities in certain unobjectionable ways, but he is not fooled by a momentary apotheosis. He is a magician, *malgré lui*. In a few weeks the miracles will have ceased, and the halo will have disappeared into the same void as a rainbow.

But while, by a really rare and fortunate miracle, Charles Lindbergh has escaped the vulgarity of being as much of a marvel to himself as he is to his suggestible public, the episode is none the less disquieting. A super-explosion of publicity has converted popular curiosity about a consummate exploit into popular credulity. It has awakened a disposition in the public mind to read more about Young Lochinvar than there was to read, to know more than there was to know and to believe more than there was to believe. The newspapers have, as is their business, catered to this disposition, and by flattering and satisfying it, they have caused it to magnify mightily. The hundreds of millions of people who would like to drive a chariot out of the remote western skies toward some eastern haven, but who, in their actual lives, are confined to the groping career of a grub, varied by a few brief flutters in the sunshine, read into their hero of the upper air and of the western sky a spurious virtue which is really an imaginative compensation for their own pedestrian experience. They crave and need for their own salvation a life with poetry in it. Their Bible, which is the newspaper, gives them in its place novel and exciting publicity about the heroes of events. The result is not poetry, but magic on a vast scale—magic of a kind which too often makes the hero appear in the guise of the harlequin. The poor people who need this kind of magic to disclose to them that wonders are really wonderful are also the people who need propaganda to convince them that truths are really true.

Is Business a Profession?

IN reading of the dedication of the magnificent new buildings of the Harvard Graduate School of Business, one is tempted to reflect again upon the question why a great university, a leading center of learning, an institution dedicated to the public welfare, should stoop to teach the arts of trade. What substance can there be in the pretension that business is a profession? None, surely, if the aim of the business man is simply to chaffer and barter, to seize cleverly apprehended advantages, to set as his goal and justification the accumulation of as large a profit as possible.

Something of this feeling must have pervaded the mind of Mr. Owen D. Young, of the General Electric Company, who made the principal address at the dedication ceremony. For he stressed the relationship of business to employees and the public, and talked of it as an institution rather than as a device for getting rich. Business is learning, he said, that wages can be increased and prices reduced at the same time. Productivity of labor is not dependent upon the hours of work or even the approach of physical fatigue—it is conditioned also by zest, spirit and pride in work. But men cannot feel this pride unless they are a part of what they are doing. Men must be economically as well as politically free. Industry, therefore, should be organized for production, in units in which all participants have a fair share. It should not be thought of as a group of capital-owners hiring others to do their jobs for them at the lowest possible wage. Rather should industry—executives and employees together—hire the capital they need, at the best terms which can be obtained in the market, so that they may pursue their function in serving society. The goal of adequate employee participation in ownership and control may be far distant, but it is a proper subject for research and consideration by the Business School.

Such generalities, you may say, mean little. They might have been uttered almost as readily by some trade-union leader, though that leader and Mr. Young might differ radically when the concrete question of the proper democratic organization of General Electric employees arose. Yet the generalities do have some substance in modern industry. Mr. William Z. Ripley has shown us how little most owners have to say any longer about the management of great corporations. The employer is no longer, to the same extent as formerly, identified

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with the owner. We have a new race of functionaries in industry—the independent executives, who, while they may technically be hired by the owners, at the same time have a wide range of discretion, and can often exercise a considerable choice in getting the capital which industry needs. Industry, rather than the capital owner, is coming more and more to be the center of activity, and its executives may be regarded as men with obligations and responsibilities to the employees, the consumers and the public in general, equal or even superior to their obligations to the owners of profit-seeking capital.

Such a tendency offers the opportunity for professional training and professional standards for the business executive. More than that, it presents the necessity for such training and standards. According to the old economic theory, the owner, who risked his money and took the responsibility of management, was in a sense the trustee of the general interest in efficient methods and fair dealing. But the wide distribution of share-holdings and modern corporate organization have separated the majority of owners not only from management but even from effective knowledge of what management is doing. The profit incentive of the owner, if it ever could be relied upon as a spur to good business practice, can no longer, in many industries, be so conceived. What, then, is to act as a check upon the ideals and activities of the real managers? Merely the speculative gain-seeking of large minority owners and proxy-holders? Merely the autocratic caprice of an executive acting as a satrap to fatten his own self-esteem and to line his own coffers? Or even the honest but narrow attempt to squeeze the utmost profit out of the organization for the stock-holders, though the executive, as their trustee, may be moved by a dogmatic devotion to the philosophy of profit-seeking and capital rulership, devoid of the practical adjustments to the interests of others and the honorable self-limitations which an actual owner might practise? If these undesirable consequences of the institutionalizing of business are to be avoided, the executive must receive a training, and he must move in a world of ideas, adequate to maintain professional standards based upon the conception of business as an integral part of society, with a coöperative function in the general welfare. He must regard as desirable full publicity for results and methods, the elimination of waste, the installation of better devices, the improvement of the product, the lowering of prices, and the raising of wages, whether or not such activities contribute to the utmost possible profit. He must understand the obligation of his concern to the industry of which it is a part, to the community of production and trade, to the employees, and to the life of the nation. He must see that unless industry makes possible not merely national prosperity as it is currently understood, but a fine way of life for those who participate in it, its dominance in the nation will in the end be ruinous. A body of executives implemented by such standards and the knowledge adequate to effectuate them might be used as the agents of a wholesome industrial society, if they were checked by, and made to report to, autonomous organizations of employees, on the one hand, and regulative or other agencies of the public, on the other.

The possibility of such a regime may be scoffed at, both by the conservatives who see no need beyond existing arrangements, and by the radicals who deny that any good thing can arise in what is generally called capitalist society, without a complete overturn which would purge it altogether of private ownership and the profit motive. If either of these groups is right, surely business cannot be a profession, and the attempt to professionalize it is only so much hokum—a sentimental smoke-screen thrown over the penetration of our universities by market-place values. But they cannot be proved either right or wrong unless a vigorous attempt is made to teach business as a profession on the broadest possible basis. Nothing less than this can be the justification of a serious school of business administration.

A Response from the White Queen

IF, as Messrs. Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink have written in our columns, "the consumer is today an Alice in a Wonderland of salesmanship," a magazine called Sales Management, which is a leading trade publication "for the man in charge of sales," may be called the White Queen of that Wonderland. We have previously published some of the responses to the Chase-Schlink articles from the Wonderland of Consumers, and it is therefore interesting to note a response from the White Queen.

Mr. Roy W. Johnson, the eastern editor of the magazine, has a most interesting article in the May 14 issue. "From a thousand different directions," he writes, "the same general idea is being presented to the minds of the people: that advertising is a joke, and the man is a fool who believes it." And he admits that, in spite of the power and splendidly organized technique of modern salesmanship, "the highly efficient and enormously impressive advertising industry lies almost entirely at the mercy of this poor boob of a consumer whose intelligence is so generally despised. . . . The era of advertising will be definitely at an end, if and when the normal response of the public can be expressed in terms of 'Aw, shucks!'"

There is a real danger, thinks Mr. Johnson, that this may happen. "If I am any judge of publicity values, you can take my word for it that Messrs. Chase and Schlink have written an advertisement for advertising that will require something more than rhetoric by way of an answer. . . . The editor of one of the advertising journals remarked the other day that he had been casting about for some way to answer the Stuart Chase thesis, but the

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authors had chosen their examples so well that he had found it very difficult. I should say so!"

This remarkable *peccavimus*, after reviewing also Helen Woodward's "Through Many Windows" and Ralph Borsodi's "The Distribution Age," comes to the conclusion that advertising must be cleaned up, if it is to continue to pay. So many have been cheated and deceived that something must be done. Mr. Johnson mentions that the articles in question did not constitute merely a broadside against deliberately dishonest advertising, and did concede that there is a place for legitimate and intelligent salesmanship. We hope he is also conscious that a preventive of deliberate deception will only touch the borders of the publicity morass. Until consumers can find some way to compare values and prices on the basis of scientific standards and detailed specifications, the waste of distribution will not be greatly minimized by any mere toning down of extravagant claims. It is a question whether advertising can really reform itself except by a major operation which would decimate its bulk.

Victory without Peace in Europe

PUBLIC opinion in the United States, like public opinion in Europe, is showing some signs of recovery from the profound dislocations which the emotional and physical stresses of the War bequeathed to the immediately succeeding generation. The recovery, in both cases, assumes the form of an improved willingness to face their domestic condition and to deal realistically with it. In Europe, the persistence of war psychology and the grave threats to public order which the victors had written into the treaties of peace have, until recently, prevented the undistracted consideration of domestic problems. The American people, on the other hand, have, since 1919, been excessively preoccupied with their own affairs, but in a sulky, pigheaded and impotent way. After having much more deeply engaged themselves in Europe during the War than their interests or feelings justified, they took refuge after the Armistice in an atavistic nationalism, which expressed itself in a hostile indifference toward Europe and a cynical complacency about their own condition. They were temporarily incapable of conscious political effort, and this intellectual lethargy in relation to public affairs gave new life to the traditional ideas and privileges which the progressive agitation of the two previous decades had partly discredited. The post-war state of mind has both discouraged experimentation in politics and encouraged vested interests to renew their earlier insistence on a vigilant and cultivated self-satisfaction as the proper spiritual attitude of a genuine patriot. It still prevails, but its power is visibly, if only slightly, on the wane. Although public opinion is not yet beginning to march, it is being released from its inhibitions, and it is moving about uneasily. It is only awaiting the occasion, the signal and the leader. Before long an American citizen will have a chance to choose among other alternatives in politics besides cynical indifference, a protestant radicalism or dogmatic Toryism.

In one important region, however, there are as yet no signs of intellectual recovery. The American mind still seems unable in public to look back upon the sympathies, the enmities, the fears, the hopes, the liabilities and the controversies in which it was immersed by the War, in a realistic or inquisitive spirit. While the intelligence of Europe is trying increasingly to dissipate the passions and the illusions of that sinister episode in its history, the American intelligence is apparently afraid to re-examine the role which the United States played in the tragedy. Although on ceremonial occasions the officials lay wreaths on the grave of the Unknown Soldier, and on anniversaries they reinvoke the memories of the crusading army which the democracy of the New World dispatched to Europe in order to save civilization, these pious exercises are not accompanied by any fresh or honest reflection on the real meaning of their momentous experience. American opinion is still divided between the minority, which clings to the memories and shibboleths of 1918 and imputes moral treachery to the government for its subsequent retreat from Europe, and the majority, which does not like to recall the fevers, the illusions, the hatreds and the persecutions which were the psychological equivalent in America of the dispatch of the crusading army to Europe. Neither faction is as yet ready to review disinterestedly what really took place and to study the tragedy, as Lincoln in November, 1864, advised his fellow countrymen to study the events of the Civil War, as "philosophy to learn wisdom from."

Because of this tendency of American opinion to avoid any reckoning with its own conscience about the memories of the War and the peace, the publication of Mr. Frank Simonds' book entitled "How Europe Made Peace without America"* is welcome, and we hope, significant. Mr. Simonds is a journalist who came into prominence as a result of the War and who, during the conflict, usually assumed a frankly partisan attitude. The perils and the sufferings of France early engaged his sympathies, and for the most part he made himself the spokesman of a point of view which was rather pro-French than pro-Ally or, so far as the Wilson program was concerned, pro-American. The peculiar virtue of Mr. Simonds' present book is, however, his sincere and, for the most part, successful, effort to avoid bias and to tell a fair and all-sided story of how, psychologically, the American people got into the War, what effect their intervention had on their European associates, how and why they came to withdraw, and what the counter-effect of the retreat has been. The book provides, consequently, a valuable opportunity for an American to reconsider,

* Doubleday, Page and Company.

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step by step, what actually took place, to recall what his own succession of attitudes was, how far subsequent events have or have not justified them, and what, in view of the meaning he now attaches to the several phases of the story, he ought to think about the existing relations between Europe and America.

Mr. Simonds begins by exploring the several phases of the process whereby the American nation came to behave as if it were equipped and destined to bring permanent peace to bereaved and distracted Europe. In August, 1914, the outbreak of the Great War caught the American people morally and intellectually unprepared. They did not understand its origins and issues; they regarded it with a mixture of repulsion and fascination; they never remotely suspected that it would involve them in any way, and they thanked God for their immunity. But there was from the beginning a small but influential group of American citizens, allied by blood and associations to France and England and colonially-minded, who could not bear to be left out of such a catastrophic drama. It was not long before they wished their country to assume an equal share in the losses, the sufferings and the responsibilities of Europe. This group did not seek an American policy in relation to the War. They would have liked the United States to intervene for the benefit of France, England and Italy and as the instrument of French, English and Italian policy. To this end, they assisted the Allied propagandists to disseminate in the United States an explanation of the case of the Allies which would justify American intervention, irrespective of American national interests or of the political consequences of a peace as the result of victory. The sinking of the Lusitania enormously increased the popular appeal of this pro-Ally propaganda. Thereafter the American friends of the Allies did their best to fasten on those of their fellow countrymen who were opposed to intervention the stigma of being mean-spirited shirkers, and with some success. Nevertheless, in November, 1916, American public opinion outside of the large cities was still most reluctant to be drawn in. To the great majority of Americans, the War remained an essentially European quarrel which only incidentally affected American interests.

In February, 1917, when Germany started on an unlimited submarine warfare against commerce in neutral bottoms, the American people still did not know what the War was about. Neither did they understand how far and in what way the victory or defeat of the Allies or of the Central Powers involved or compromised their own national welfare. President Wilson shared their indisposition to fight, if not their confusion and ignorance. He had hoped to mediate rather than to intervene. When he found that he could not mediate without fighting, he decided to fight, but, if possible, without ceasing to mediate—that is, without ceasing to seek a peace of justice and reconciliation. His decision was final. Those who did not wish to fight were, with the exception of the Irish and the Germans, unorganized, hesitating, troubled and incapable of any effective counter-activity. They were fascinated by the magnitude and the terror of the catastrophe; they were disarmed by their feelings of kinship for its victims; and they could not advance any adequate alternative policy. They yielded, consequently, to the blandishments of a war which the United States was to wage for a vague but superlatively noble purpose, related somehow to liberty, democracy and international conciliation. To fight was an emotional release, whatever the political justification. It seemed second-rate to shirk a large share in the sufferings and the labors of such a colossal event.

Once war was declared, the patriotism of the average American swept him away and, for the time being, completely drowned his former scruples. The American people threw themselves into the struggle with a reckless enthusiasm which astounded and pleased themselves and deceived their European associates. Nevertheless, their ardor was febrile and forced. Instead of being the evidence of a solemn and a mature resolution, it was a highly artificial compensation for the absence of anything like real unanimity and understanding. They could not bear to think about what they were doing. They were delighted when President Wilson discouraged the discussion of his noble war aims by anybody but himself. The war aim which they cherished and understood did not need to be discussed. The one thing necessary was a complete military victory. Mr. Lloyd George's figure of a knockout blow as the ideal end of the War was perfectly congenial to the average American. The War looked to him like a prize-fight or a football game in which he himself was contending. As Mr. Simonds says, "From first to last, the combat was in the main a spectacle to the American people. It was a gigantic show; it was never an utter reality. While American soldiers did finally fight on European soil, the millions of the American people remained remote, uncomprehending and detached. The largest touch of reality was the preposterous pursuit of imaginary spies" (and traitors).

As soon as the spectacle was over—as soon, that is, as the knockout blow was landed, and Germany lay prostrate at the feet of the Allies—the unreality of the American war psychosis was immediately revealed. The enthusiasm of the American people about saving civilization in Europe dropped rapidly to neutral until finally it went into reverse and became a hostile reaction. Only a small minority had understood and taken seriously the Wilson propaganda in favor of a just peace and a League of Nations. It was not related to the realities of their own political experience. President Wilson himself perforce took it very seriously, and so did the liberals, socialists and many humble and suffering soldiers and workmen in this country and Europe. But the real people on both continents were thinking about something else. The governing classes of France and England were hankering after indemni-

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ties, territories and revenge rather than a just peace, and the American nation was unprepared to assume the responsibilities of a member of the League of Nations. President Wilson, in Paris, obtained his League of Nations, but at the price of an unjust peace, and he found to his consternation when he returned to this country that, while the American people did not know and did not care whether the peace was just or unjust, they were as reluctant to participate in the League as they had originally been to go into the War. The irony of events had associated the two acts in their minds. In spite of their reluctance, he might have pushed them partly in, but he overestimated his influence with his fellow countrymen. His campaign to convert them ended in his defeat and his physical breakdown. He lost everything by refusing to accept as much as he could get. The American people were only too glad to withdraw entirely. They have never wavered in this decision, and the pro-League party, after its repudiation by the Democratic convention of 1924, has ceased even to agitate against it.

Mr. Simonds' book does not interpret American withdrawal either as a betrayal or as a justifiable recovery by the United States of freedom to pursue a national foreign policy. It was in part both, but in any event it was a natural result of the frenzied months during which Americans were more European than the French or the English. The process of what occurred is of more importance than the result or its meaning. There entered into it an enormously complicated group of conditions and motives in which right and wrong, truth and falsehood, good and bad faith are hopelessly intermingled and confused. Mr. Simonds explores the process from every point of view. His account is well worth an attentive reading, for it culminates in an interpretation of the consequences of American withdrawal quite different from any which are usually taken for granted. To the pro-Leaguers in this country and to the French and British publicists, the back-sliding of the United States in 1919 is the chief cause of the later European tribulations. Mr. Simonds, however, agrees with the New Republic in reaching a precisely opposite conclusion. Those tribulations are fundamentally the result of a Treaty of Peace which counted on American assistance in depriving Germany of her independence, her national self-respect and her place in the society of nations. Assuming that the United States were to remain in Europe as the associate of France and England, the terms of the peace "need have little regard for the wishes and less for the feelings of the German people. It would in reality be a compact with the United States rather than with Germany." On the other hand, if the United States should emancipate itself from European political responsibilities, "then peace must be made with the German people on the basis of their position in Europe, in a Europe without the United States." Since the failure of the adventure of France in the Ruhr, France and England have moved toward a peace with their enemy. Locarno and the entrance of Germany into the League were the result of American withdrawal. The effort to outlaw and victimize the German people without the economic and political assistance of the United States was a failure.

Europe has not, however, as yet made peace. The Dawes Plan and Locarno provide for a truce, rather than for a permanent settlement. They embody a minimum program which enables their signatories to live together for a few years and attend to their domestic recuperation. In the meantime, the ultimate reasons for disagreement remain, and are merely deferred for future consideration. In 1928, the Dawes Plan will begin to creak, while the German government will at the same time begin seriously to inquire whether France and England are really ready to continue the work of Locarno—that is, to do away with the offensive discriminations of the Treaty of Versailles and allow Germany to resume her place as an independent and self-respecting member of the society of nations. It is then that France will have to decide whether she really intends to make peace with Germany, or whether she is going to demand the pound of flesh to which she is legally entitled. We do not know and we do not believe that the French know what the decision will be. Their state of mind is considerably improved, and they are thinking much more honestly and disinterestedly about the whole international problem of Europe than they formerly did. But, in order to make peace, they will have to give up a great deal that they gained by the Treaty of Versailles, and how they can be brought to do it except as a consequence of more pressure than any agency but a grave international crisis can exert, we fail to see. Some time during the next few years, such a crisis will occur. It will threaten the future of social order in Europe just as the Ruhr crisis did, and for many reasons it will inevitably involve the United States. The American people will have to resume some measure of political association with Europe. Or they will have to cease the lending of money to Europe and the collection of the existing debt.

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The Chinese Revolution as Moscow Sees It

THROUGH the thirty days of my month in Russia, China ran like a refrain. It was the one subject about which everyone was eager to talk. There was, indeed, only one theme which competed with it, and before many minutes had passed, the two would fuse. For everyone was curious about the real intentions of the British government toward Russia, but everyone guessed that the active hostility of our British Die-hards had its origin chiefly in alarm at the spread of Russian influence in China. The guess was undoubtedly correct: London is arriving at Moscow over the body of China.

It is not easy to give at this distance an impression which sounds credible of the warmth and sincerity of this Russian interest in China. One must first shed so many western habits of thought. There is, to begin with, no wall in the Russian mind which separates East from West. There was never a Kipling to tell this open-eyed nation that "East is East, and West is West, And never the twain shall meet." The twain have been meeting without incongruity throughout Russian history. From the East, in the unhappy centuries of her medieval period, flowed the flood of Tartar invasion and back into the East across the Siberian plains flowed the strong stream of Russian colonization. No physical barrier, no sharp diversity of climate separates the European from the Asiatic part of the immense continental area which stretches from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea. The Revolution has swept away the old tradition of Slav ascendancy. The very word "Russian" has vanished from the title of the Soviet Union. Tartars, Baslikirs, and Uzbeks walk in and out of the Kremlin, where Soviet congresses meet on equal terms with their Russian neighbors. Each of these primitive Asiatic races has its own independent republic within the Union. Analyze the nationality of the men who today hold the chief offices within it, and you will find that the Georgians are as conspicuous as the Jews lately were. But the truth is that the Russian masses have almost ceased to think in terms of race. Glance at the headlines in which the newspapers of Moscow announce a Cantonese success, or, for that matter, a reverse to the cause. The word "Chinese" never stands alone. It is always Chinese "workers" who have won a city, or defeated an army, or suffered from the vengeance of their enemies. The magical word obliterates all sense of strangeness, and at once suggests that in motive and in objective, be it in joy or in sorrow, there is no difference worth emphasizing between Moscow and Hankow.

The emotional result is startling. There has been nothing like it in human history since Paris used to read the bulletins of the triumphs of the Republican armies on the Rhine and Po. Listen to the speeches at a political meeting in a factory: half of them deal with China. I had the singular experience of attending, as a guest, a delegates' meeting of the Communist party in a central province, which had been summoned to discuss the recent elections to the local Soviets. The causes of the remarkable Communist successes were carefully tabulated. First, by general consent, came resentment at the menacing British note; second, everyone agreed, was enthusiasm for the Chinese revolution. On long journeys, in third-class carriages, workmen in their rough sheepskin coats would sit poring over the maps in the daily paper, which illustrated the military position, and they would discuss it, undeterred, as most of us are, by the oddity of the names, and the bewildering chances and changes of this civil war. Once I found myself the center of a group of young privates in the Red Army, who were "pumping" me to discover whether from my English sources I could add some stray detail to their amazingly full and accurate knowledge of the politics and strategy of the struggle.

What is so strange to us sounds to Russians so inevitable and so familiar. Their own civil war is fresh in their memories. They are not surprised at the fluidity of these uncertain armies, which drift like tidal waters from the Northern to the Southern side. They understand how vastly more important is propaganda, which can win a people to an army's side, than the most lavish supply of munitions; for they know that their own printing-presses won the battle against Mr. Churchill's aeroplanes and tanks. At each turn, be it of success or misfortune, they say with the calm veteran's smile: "We have been through this before." Nor is this the only reason for their sympathy. For ten years they have lived isolated from the rest of the world. They may have had in every country of Europe their little minority of partisans and friends; they may have found from time to time in their dealings with Berlin that misfortune makes strange bed-fellows. But here in China for the first time they saw a prospect that the masses of a great nation, with a popular government at their head, would turn to them for friendship, support and even guidance. The barbed-wire fence was down, and over this generous gap in it they stretched their hands.

When Shanghai fell, Moscow abandoned itself to rejoicings, as though it were celebrating a Rus-

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sian victory. One might discount the big demonstration in the open air, to which the workmen trooped from their factories, imposing and enthusiastic though it was; for it doubtless had been organized by a prompt use of the telephone. But long after this meeting was over, and indeed far into the night, groups of men and women stood talking with radiant faces and patrolled the streets singing the gay Red Army marches. I shall never forget the scene that evening at an orchestral concert which I attended. The performers were the famous "Persymfons" band, who have learned to play the most elaborate music without a conductor. They rehearse with infinite pains, testing and discussing every alternative interpretation as they go along, until in the end the ninety performers move together through a symphony as surely, as steadily and as delicately as four bows which, through years of intimacy, have trained themselves to play a string quartette with a single mind. The first trumpeter came forward, when his fellows had taken their places, and read to us a telegram of congratulation which the band had decided to send to Shanghai. Might they send it also in the name of the vast audience? Everyone rose, and no one seemed surprised. And then the choral symphony was played, and Schiller's "Ode to Joy" was sung, with a thrill and a sense of the unity of mankind which reproduced, perhaps for the first time in a hundred years, the emotions of the revolutionary time which inspired them. There must have been many similar concerts on that March evening, up and down the world. But I doubt whether from any of them a telegram went to Shanghai. This massive sense of solidarity is a new thing in human history, or, if it has a parallel, one must seek it in Revolutionary France. I thought of that parallel, indeed, when Moscow, a few days earlier, elected to its Soviet two Chinese students of the Sun Yat-sen University. Since Thomas Paine sat in the French Convention, there has been no such demonstration as this of revolutionary solidarity. "Where Liberty is, there is my country," said Franklin. "Where Liberty is not, there is mine," was Paine's inspiring answer. Russians feel for China the same fraternity in chivalry.

My stay in Moscow happened to coincide with the apparent triumph of the Cantonese cause. Disunion and disaster have followed those fortunate weeks with a warning suddenness. How far are they a proof that Russian calculations were based on sanguine misreadings of Chinese character and the Chinese situation? It is, in my opinion, much too early to draw that inference. In private conversation, even during these prosperous weeks, the responsible directors of Russia's policy in China showed an astonishing caution. None of them hoped for an early solution of China's tangled problem. None of them imagined that, within any measurable time, China would turn Communist. All of them were fond of repeating the prediction that the revolutionary struggle in this rash country would continue for another twenty years. For vicissitudes, then, they were prepared. But I might say much more. Basing themselves upon Borodin's confidential reports, they were, even in this period of apparent triumph, uneasy over the course of events. The friction with General Chiang Kai-shek was, of course, of long standing, and the Russians, even at this time, regarded him as a "Napoleon" and a potential war-lord. They differed on two points from his policy. In the first place, they were opposed to the march on Shanghai, which they thought rash and premature and likely to precipitate the vital struggle with Great Britain before Nationalist China was strong enough to bear the shock. In the second place, they were even more doubtful of the wisdom of any attempt to carry this year's advance beyond the Yangtse. They would even have welcomed some sort of truce, formal or informal, with the Northern war-lords. For, in their view, the first and most urgent necessity was to organize and consolidate the immense territory which the South had already won. They believed that the victories of Canton were rather a political than a military triumph. Their permanence must, therefore, depend on the ability of the South to bring about some social change which would impress the imagination of the average man in town and village. If the South, they argued, could become, in the eyes of all China, a model of what a free Chinese Republic may be, the North could thereafter be won, almost without striking a blow. That, I gathered, was Borodin's policy, and Moscow endorsed it. It is one of the notable jokes of history that this cautious, if strong-willed man, has been represented by the myth-making instincts of our daily press as a barely sane incendiary.

But if Moscow was cautious and uneasy about the immediate future, it had no doubts about the ultimate victory of the Revolution. It based its reckonings on forces more enduring than the present resentment of the Chinese people against the foreign "Imperialists." It had data before it, which to me at least were novel, which suggest that the traditional view of the social structure of the Chinese village is falling behind the swift march of events. I had supposed that, save in a few districts, the Chinese cultivator owns his land. That it barely suffices for his subsistence, one knew. That these peasants seek riches in factories which pay a starvation wage; that their labor is so abundant and so cheap that they pull the drays which horses or motors drag elsewhere; that marriage itself is often an inconceivable luxury to them—all this one knew. The new fact to me was (unless the Russians exaggerate) that these peasants, over wide areas, are now sinking to the status of tenants. They had never managed to live from the land alone. But foreign imported goods are gradually destroying the market for their home industries. As this has sapped their independence, they have mortgaged or

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sold their land, not to the old resident gentry, who were never numerous and possessed some kindly traditions, but to a new class of absentee landlords, who buy land as an investment. These men are a new bourgeoisie, who have made their money in trade or by still darker methods, as officials. Their practice is to draw their tribute on the *métayage* system, by taking a percentage of their tenants' crops. Their share runs to an incredibly high figure. But both Karakhan (lately Minister in Peking) and Karl Radek (the rector of the Sun Yat-sen University) assured me that this rent may amount to 60, 75, or even 80 percent of the cultivator's produce.

If that is so, we obviously have, in this fact alone, the makings of an agrarian revolution. The peasant's poverty is not due to niggardliness of nature; nor solely to the competition of western industry with the old handicrafts of China. It is due to the exactions of a class which can be restrained by political action. Lenin's forecast was that, before long, the Kuomintang must deal with this evil by fixing a maximum rent. If it tolerated (say) 40 percent, the change might come smoothly; if it fixed a maximum of (say) 20 percent, the class struggle would inevitably begin. Sooner or later, this agrarian problem, with that of child labor and the right of industrial organization, must dominate all the politics of China. War-lords may suppress the labor unions or decapitate labor leaders by the score, but in the end the human instinct of self-preservation must range the masses, in the village, as in the towns, against their oppressors.

On this reading of the inevitable march of history in China, it is easy to understand why Russians feel that the destiny of this country is linked with their own. They have prepared the way by the voluntary surrender of their own privileges and concessions in China. They have done something by selling munitions on easy credit to Canton and the "Christian" General. They have done more by sending capable advisors with civilians and soldiers. They have done most of all, perhaps, by teaching Canton the art of fighting its battles by propaganda. They count, too, on the influence which the six hundred students, nominated by the Kuomintang or by the organized faculties of the national universities, who are now imbibing under Karl Radek the Russian view of the history and tactics of the social struggle, must exert when they return from Moscow to their homes. But the broad base of their confidence is simply that common interests (warmed, it may be, by a touch of gratitude) must unite the masses of Russia and China in a common social struggle. It may not mean, for a generation at least, the entry of China into the Soviet Union, but it will certainly mean, if the South can consolidate its power, the closest and most cordial alliance of peoples which history has ever witnessed. And that, if and when it happened, would be a turning point in the development of mankind. For over the greatest continuous reach of land in the world, the greatest mass of human beings would be animated by the same constructive purposes. The Eurasian Continent would find its directing brain in Moscow. This mass, needless to say, would exert over the rest of Asia a magnetic attraction more powerful than Sinbad's fabulous Mountain of Lodestone. And that, needless to say, is the reason why the rulers of India are driven by the logic of their situation to destroy it.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

A. N. Whitehead: Physicist and Prophet

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD was born in 1861, the son of Canon Whitehead, Vicar of St. Peter's on the Isle of Thanet. In the current number of the Atlantic Monthly, he has given some account of his childhood and of that region of the Kentish coast from which he comes. The characteristics of the people who have to cope with the currents, fogs and storms of the English Channel are, he tells us, "obstinacy and a tendency to lonely thought." Of his father, he says that he was perhaps "the last of those East Kentish clergymen who were really homogeneous with their people, and therefore natural leaders on all occasions, secular and religious." He knew all the farmers and laborers and had played cricket and hunted with their fathers. He read Gibbon, hated "cant," and his favorite Bible character was Abraham. And one is struck, in Dr. Whitehead himself, for all his bent scholar's shoulders, by precisely those qualities of hardiness and independence which he describes as characteristic of Kent. One realizes that his intellectual strength is the strength of a stout ruddy-cheeked English stock, not easily awed by pretensions, quite ready to pit itself against difficulties and whose kindliness is combined with steady common sense. If, as has been said, he has something of a clerical aspect, it is that of such a clergyman as he has described, and with the urbanity and the irony of the university. The sort of beneficence which he sheds is as different as possible from that with which we have been familiarized in America by reformers and evangelists: in fact, de-

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spite his preoccupation with theology, the subject of Ethics itself is said to be Dr. Whitehead's *bête noire* and he has been heard to assert that doing people good "is an object best promoted indirectly."

Dr. Whitehead was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and returned there as a Fellow of the College and as Senior Mathematical Lecturer. In 1910, he went to London University, where he became, first, Lecturer in Applied Mathematics and Mechanics, and, later, Reader in Geometry, at University College; from 1914 to 1924, he was Professor of Applied Mechanics at Imperial College, where he also played an important part in the administration of the University. He is on the Council of the Royal Society, and was at one time President of the Mathematical Association.

Dr. Whitehead's activities have thus been closely bound up with the university world, and his reputation, until recently, has not extended much beyond it. His books, until the period of the War, were mainly scientific and technical. In 1898, he had published an important "Treatise on Universal Algebra." The purpose of this work, he wrote, was "to present a thorough investigation of the various systems of Symbolic Reasoning allied to ordinary Algebra. . . . It is hoped to exhibit the algebras both as systems of symbolism, and also as engines for the investigation of the possibilities of thought and reasoning connected with the abstract general idea of space. . . . Ordinary algebra in its modern developments is studied as being a large body of propositions, interrelated by deductive reasoning, and based upon conventional definitions which are generalizations of fundamental conceptions. Thus a science is gradually being created, which by reason of its fundamental character has relation to almost every event, phenomenal or intellectual, which can occur. But these reasons for the study of ordinary Algebra apply to the study of Universal Algebra; provided that the newly invented algebras can be shown either to exemplify in their symbolism, or to represent in their interpretations interesting generalizations of important systems of ideas, and to be useful engines of investigation. Such algebras are mathematical sciences, which are not essentially concerned with number or quantity; and this bold extension beyond the traditional domain of pure quantity forms their peculiar interest. The ideal of mathematics should be to erect a calculus to facilitate reasoning in connection with every province of thought, or of external experience, in which the succession of thoughts, or of events can be definitely ascertained and precisely stated. So that all serious thought which is not philosophy, or inductive reasoning, or imaginative literature shall be mathematically developed by means of a calculus."

In 1910, in collaboration with Bertrand Russell, Dr. Whitehead published two volumes of a "Principia Mathematica," upon which he and Russell had been working since 1900. Bertrand Russell, who is eleven years younger than Whitehead, had sat under him at Trinity and afterwards became closely associated with him in the study and original development of Symbolic Logic—that is, of the attempt, by means of a language of symbols which shall stand for purely logical ideas, to supply "the proof that all pure mathematics deals exclusively with concepts definable in terms of a very small number of fundamental logical concepts, and that all its propositions are deducible from a very small number of fundamental logical principles." "Mathematics," wrote Bertrand Russell, in his preliminary "Principles of Mathematics," "includes not only Arithmetic and Analysis, but also Geometry, Euclidean and non-Euclidean, rational Dynamics and an indefinite number of other studies still unborn or in their infancy. The fact that all mathematics is Symbolic Logic is one of the greatest discoveries of our age; and when this fact has been established, the remainder of the principles of mathematics consists in the analysis of Symbolic Logic itself." Russell's "Principles of Mathematics," which had been prepared with the assistance of Whitehead, was published in 1903, and what eventually, with Whitehead's active collaboration, appeared as the "Principia Mathematica" was originally announced as merely a continuation of the earlier work. It was, however, found necessary to start afresh and make the new book an independent work to be distinguished from "The Principles of Mathematics." It grew to enormous proportions and, though it has just had a new edition, constitutes what is certainly —and even, one is told, for mathematicians—one of the most formidable of modern works. The ordinary reader, picking it up, receives an impression even more appalling than that which ensues upon opening the Chinese classics: there is apparently, not merely no English to be seen for spaces of hundreds of pages, but not even any recognizable mathematics: what confronts him is a totally new language compounded of the Roman, Greek and Hebrew alphabets; excessively large exclamation points; defective signs for equations of proportion; and other symbols of eery aspect and entirely unfamiliar form. It is possible, however, to gain some idea of what the authors are here attempting from their introductory explanation: "The reasons for this extension of symbolism beyond the familiar regions of number and allied ideas are many: (1) The ideas here employed are more abstract than those familiarly considered in language. Accordingly there are no words which are used mainly in the exact consistent senses which are required here. Any use of words would require unnatural limitations to their ordinary meanings, which would be in fact more difficult to remember consistently than are the definitions of entirely new symbols. (2) The grammatical structure of language is adapted to a wide variety of usages. Thus it possesses no unique simplicity in representing the few simple, though highly abstract, processes and ideas arising in the deductive trains of reasoning employed here.

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In fact, the very abstract simplicity of the ideas of this work defeats language. . . . (3) The adaptation of the rules of the symbolism to the processes of deduction aids the intuition in regions too abstract for the imagination readily to present to the mind the true relation between the ideas employed. For various collocations of symbols become familiar as representing important collocations of ideas; and, in turn, the possible relations—according to the rules of symbolism—between these collocations of symbols become familiar, and these further collocations represent still more complicated relations between the abstract ideas. And thus the mind is finally led to construct trains of reasoning in regions of thought in which the imagination would be entirely unable to sustain itself without symbolic help."

It is interesting to note that Whitehead's mind, even while occupied with highly technical subjects, has always tended, whether in his "Universal Algebra" or in the "Principia Mathematica," toward the discovery of general principles which may be applied to the greatest number of branches of mathematics and of fields of experience. Bertrand Russell, during the War, turned to politics and social criticism. Dr. Whitehead had already published a short "Introduction to Mathematics" (in the Home University Library), which was almost unique among books for beginners in its philosophic interest and its appeal to the imagination; and a collection of essays on education ("The Organization of Thought") which showed an astonishingly comprehensive grasp and appreciation of the political and the esthetic, as well as the scientific and philosophical, departments of human thought. But only with the series of books which began in 1919 with "An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Natural Knowledge," did the extraordinary range of his culture and the brilliance and penetration of his intelligence become fully apparent. With these books, he emerged as a full-blown philosopher. "The Principles of Natural Knowledge" was followed, in 1920, by "The Concept of Nature" and, in 1922, by "The Principle of Relativity." In 1924, Dr. Whitehead came to Harvard and delivered the Lowell lectures, which were afterwards incorporated in "Science and the Modern World" (1925) and in "Religion in the Making" (1926). The first three of these books were partly technical and were read principally by philosophers and scientists; but the two latter have excited a wide interest and seem likely to establish Dr. Whitehead among the most influential writers of the time.

It may, therefore, be worth while to quote from a pamphlet by Professor Norman Kemp Smith ("Whitehead's Philosophy of Nature": University of California Publications in Philosophy) an exposition of Whitehead's argument in his earlier books, whch have been less accessible and less popular than the later, but upon whose foundations "Science and the Modern World" and "Religion in the Making" are based. "Whitehead's teaching," writes Professor Kemp Smith, "is directed to showing that the fundamental concepts usually employed in the physical sciences rest on certain assumptions which may seem to have behind them the prestige of science, but which really have been foisted upon science, partly through the influence of mental habits acquired under the stress of practical needs, and partly through the influence of speculative doctrines that obtained currency among the early Greek thinkers, and that have held the field ever since. . . . The physicist ordinarily regards himself as concerned with the adventures of material entities in space and time, and accordingly has interpreted the course of nature as being the history of matter. More particularly defined, the attitude is this: the physicist conceives himself as perceiving the attributes of things, and the things which have these attributes as being bits of matter. He further conceives these bits of matter as capable only of moving in space; and so has come to believe that a complete description of the aggregations and motions of which they are capable would constitute an adequate solution of all the problems with which natural science has to deal. . . . Whitehead formulates an alternative to this philosophy of nature. In place of the substantial, material entities, persisting through time and moving in space, he would substitute as being the ultimate components of reality, a very different kind of entities; and these he would describe as being events. Nature, he declares, is at each moment an all-comprehensive event within which we discriminate constituent events; and behind the notion of an event we cannot penetrate by any amount of analysis. . . . What we alone immediately experience are events, not detached events standing in serial order in time, but events that always overlap and so together constitute the one total durational event that is nature at any assignable period."

With the problem of representative perception, Whitehead deals as follows: "When Whitehead," continues Professor Kemp Smith, "tells us that all present-day natural philosophy is vitiated by the fallacy of bifurcation, he means that it commits us to a quite untenable division of the components of objective nature into two diametrically opposed types of existence, the material and the mental; or to employ a more adequate pair of terms, the physical and the psychical. . . . The physicist bifurcates objective nature into physical and psychical components, and counts the secondary qualities [sound, color, heat, etc.] as belonging to the latter class, because he is unable, by means of his physical principles, to explain either their coming to be or their ceasing to be. Indeed, from his point of view, it would be more satisfactory if they did not exist at all. So far as he can discover, they make no difference in the behavior of the bodies in which they are found. A red billiard ball acts on a white ball in precisely the same manner as a green one. . . . Where the colors do come in, to make a

NORTHAMPTON MASSACHUSETTS

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difference, is solely in the behavior of the players: the colors enable them to identify which ball is which. The colors, that is to say, first come in just where, through the intervention of life, or at least of consciousness, reality displays that degree and kind of qualitative complexity which marks the limit beyond which, on the traditional view, no scientific knowledge, at least of the explanatory type, is any longer possible. Since, it is argued, the behavior of physical entities is completely accounted for in the absence of the secondary qualities, these qualities must fall outside physical nature, and must, like consciousness, be irrelevant to it.

"But is not a very large assumption being here made? . . . Are we not justified in holding that colors are as truly physical as are the bodily organs of sight, and sounds as truly physical as are the organs of hearing? These organs are telepathic; they discharge their functions by enabling us to apprehend what exists in places where our organisms are not themselves located; and they do so in and through the secondary qualities. . . . To treat the bodily organs as strictly physical, and the qualities of color and sound as purely psychical, is surely to substitute for nature's complex but unitary workings the crude and incredible simplicities of a cast-iron dualism, the sole justification for which is the supposed adequacy of the Newtonian physics, and the supposedly closed character of the physical system as therein conceived." Nature, then, is not, as in the traditional view, a sequence of instantaneous events: such a view arises from a false idea of time. For the ordinary idea of time, Whitehead substitutes the doctrine of duration, according to which, since the melody, say, of the nightingale's song "extending over a sequence of events, demands for its apprehension as melody certain mental processes, namely, those which make possible recollection and anticipation," it may exist really "as an item in physical nature. . . . The traditional physics will not countenance persistent melodies, but it does believe in what, as Whitehead is prepared to show, are more or less in the same class therewith, namely, persistent electrons, atoms and molecules. These, Whitehead argues, cannot exist, any more than the secondary qualities, if nature be viewed as instantaneous." And the living organism "must be interpreted in the same general manner as atoms and molecules. By its existence it demonstrates the physical reality of certain rhythmic functionings which, as such, are incapable of being enclosed within the instantaneous. As rhythmic, they presuppose duration as truly as does a melody. 'Life is too obstinately concrete' to be located in an instant, even if at the instant it be spread over a space. . . .

"Thus nature, as envisaged by Whitehead, is extraordinarily different from nature as defined in terms of classical physics. While less tidy, with all sorts of loose ends, it is allowed to have more content; and in proportion as it has become more bewildering, just thereby it has become more and more like unto the reality which faces us in experience. In view of the amazing diversity of the items which, on Whitehead's view, compose nature—the tastes as well as the textures of foods, the roar of the lion and the song of the nightingale as well as the labyrinthine structures of the inner ear, the gorgeous coloration of the peacock's tail as well as the rods and cones of the retina—nature, thus envisaged, will at every turn, to the great benefit of our open-mindedness, force upon our attention the immense gaps, not merely in our detailed and established theories, but also even in our most conjectural interpretations of nature's doings." . . .

In the more technical parts of these volumes, Whitehead had developed, as a substitute for the commonly accepted doctrine of "simple location" in space and time mentioned at the beginning of this summary, a new and more complex theory of location which has been described by Bertrand Russell as "destroying materialism while leaving physics intact." And, though his system was based upon concepts introduced by the theory of relativity, he had undertaken a criticism of Einstein, whose conclusions, it appears, were not entirely consistent with the previously formulated theories of Russell and Whitehead. Whitehead, in general, accepts Einstein's mathematics, but he attributes to his algebraic formulæ a different significance. He does not believe in Einstein's curvature in the space-time manifold. "I cannot," he says, "attach any clear conception to his interpretation of space and time. . . . I have considerably toned down the various exciting peculiarities of the original theory and have reduced it to a greater conformity with the older physics. I do not allow that physical phenomena are due to oddities of space." "As the result of a consideration of the character of our knowledge in general, and of our knowledge of nature in particular, I deduce that our experience requires and exhibits a basis of uniformity, and that in the case of nature this basis exhibits itself as the uniformity of spatio-temporal relations. This conclusion entirely cuts away the casual heterogeneity of these relations which is the essential of Einstein's later theory." It may be that in Whitehead's resolute and thorough-going criticism of Einstein, such a criticism as has scarcely elsewhere been attempted and which, if we accept it, has the effect of making the universe seem somewhat less fantastic than, on Einstein's view, it must appear, we are to see an example of that obstinacy and independence which characterize the men of East Kent.

In "Science and the Modern World" and "Religion in the Making," Whitehead has further developed his organic theory of nature and has attempted to show, not merely that color, sound, taste, etc., are realities of nature, but also that our values of good and bad are: there are in nature intrinsic values of an esthetic order; and the "completed ideal harmony" which the existence of these values implies is to be identified with God. Our mo-

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ments of keenest awareness of these values, that is, of the order of the universe, of the creative purpose of God (who determines, in the flux of events, what possibilities shall become actual) are our moments of religious revelation. "You cannot," however, "confine any important reorganization to one sphere of thought alone. You cannot shelter theology from science, or science from theology; nor can you shelter either of them from metaphysics, or metaphysics from either of them. There is no short cut to truth." I shall not attempt further to summarize these books, which have already been discussed in the New Republic by Professors Dewey, Wieman and Miller; but it may be interesting to quote the criticism of Dr. Whitehead's old collaborator, Bertrand Russell, from a review of "Science and the Modern World" in the London Nation: "To the present reviewer it seems," writes Mr. Russell, "though perhaps mistakenly—that Dr. Whitehead's theory consists of two parts: on the one hand, a logical construction leading to physics from a new set of non-material fundamentals, wholly admirable and profound; on the other hand, a metaphysic believed by the author to be bound up with his logical construction, but in fact—again I speak with diffidence—separable from it. The metaphysic is not essentially new: it is approximately that of Bergson or Plotinus. . . . Speaking generally, I cannot persuade myself that his logical reconstruction of physical concepts has any such tendency as he attributes to it, to restore the consolations of religion to a world desolated by mechanism."

And it is true that Dr. Whitehead just now occupies a difficult and dangerous situation, which lays him open especially to the criticism of those academic specialists who have always considered it more respectable, as it is also so much safer, not to venture outside their prescribed fields. The mathematicians deplore the fact that Dr. Whitehead has abandoned mathematics; and some professional philosophers show a tendency to discount him as an amateur. To the ordinary reader, however, it is precisely the range of Whitehead's speculations which makes him appear interesting and important. He is inclined to agree with Dr. Whitehead that a too rigorous specialization may be also a line of least resistance: "There is no short cut to truth." And he is likely to feel profoundly grateful to the first scientist, with a first-hand grasp of modern physical theory, to attempt to trace the implications of that theory for other departments of thought, to bring it forward into metaphysics, into literature and into theology. It may be true, as Mr. Russell suggests, that Dr. Whitehead's theological theories do not follow inevitably from his physics; but we are interested to see what new theological views may be formulated by a mind imbued with modern theories of physics. The ideas and the imagination of humanity seem to change with a certain uniformity in widely different departments of thought which seem quite out of reach of one another. There is much in common between modern art and literature, on the one hand, and modern scientific thought, on the other. And in Whitehead (who has "modernist" pictures on his wall) it is possible, to an astonishing extent, to watch in one mind the modification of thought, under the action of radically novel ideas, in a variety of fields of experience; and its reorganization at the hands of a vigorous intellect and a daring imagination. As Proust and Valéry have been the novelist and the poet who have assimilated modern philosophy and science, so Whitehead is the modern mathematician who has read poetry.

And the ordinary reader, though he may sometimes be baffled by the more abstract chapters of Whitehead's books, may even forgive him the forbidding and unfamiliar terminology, partly carried over from the language of mathematics and partly invented by Whitehead himself, which has provoked murmurs even among philosophers. "I am not for imposing any sense on your words," Dr. Whitehead quotes from a dialogue of Berkeley, on the title page of his "Principles of Natural Knowledge," "you are at liberty to explain them as you please. Only, I beseech you, make me understand something by them." We must grant Whitehead his special vocabulary and see whether he does not make us understand something by it. For certain types of mind, this is difficult. We have seen that Bertrand Russell has become almost as suspicious of Whitehead's metaphysics as he was formerly of Bergson's. And it is reported that Gilson, the French professor of medieval philosophy, on a recent visit to America, finally gave up in despair in the attempt to master Whitehead's system in the course of an interview with him, owing to the fact that the English philosopher would not precisely define his terms at the beginning but persisted in endeavoring to suggest what they meant by a series of varied explanations. Yet Bergson contributed new metaphors to modern thought; and a metaphor may be as important as an argument. And Whitehead, who admires Bergson and has something in common with him, at the lowest estimate, has contributed metaphors as arresting. Actually, however, he has done much more than this: Bergson, without Whitehead's scientific training, rejected science altogether and threw out logic and reason with it; Whitehead, confronted with the same problems to which the concepts of science gave rise and with an equal conviction of the impossibility of the mechanistic answers, manages to preserve the theories of science by working out a metaphysic of the "creative advance of nature" which, unlike Bergson's "creative evolution," admits them. He has saved logic along with God.

In his combination of a kind of metaphysical vision, transcending purely physical theory, with an addiction to the rigorous abstract reasoning characteristic of modern physics, it may be that Whitehead

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represents a type of mind destined to become typical of our time. Whitehead enormously, from certain points of view, admires the philosophers of the eighteenth century: even in rejecting their conclusions, he applauds their boldness in confronting their problems and their directness in dealing with them—virtues which the philosophers of the nineteenth century, for all their merits, he claims, did not possess. Whitehead himself has a mind of this sort—and he has also something of the dry, dispassionate and imperturbable intellectual temperament, as well as the wide knowledge of the world and the lack of provincial and national prejudices, in which the boldness and the directness of the eighteenth-century writers flourished. He has even a certain eighteenth-century epicureanism of the intellect which makes him relish a page of Hume or a verse of Shelley or Wordsworth as if it were a flower or a wine. Yet he has, at the same time, something quite different from these qualities. Personally witty and an excellent talker, with a taste for paradox which he shares with Bertrand Russell but indulges less easily, his books are not quite the sort of writings which one would expect from so urbane a talker: there is a peculiar earnestness and intensity to his thought and a tough woody grain to his style which are quite alien to the eighteenth century and perhaps characteristic of our own. It may be that Whitehead, who, at such a late age, has emerged for the first time as a philosopher, is really one of the major prophets of our period: it may be that his doctrine, first formulated during the War, has appeared to supply a new and necessary significance to a world of which the old accepted meanings have so disastrously come to be discredited. "The book," he wrote in his preface to "The Principles of Natural Knowledge," the first of his philosophic series, published in 1919 and dedicated to a son killed in the War, "is the product of intervals of leisure amid pressing occupation, a refuge from immediate fact. It has been thought out and written amid the sound of guns—guns of Kitchener's army training on Salisbury Plain, guns of the Somme faintly echoing across the Sussex coast: some few parts composed to pass times of expectation during air-raids over London, punctuated by the sound of bombs and the answer of artillery, with argument clipped by the whirr of aeroplanes. And through the land anxiety, and at last the anguish which is the price of victory."

And the development of the philosophic ideas of which the application was begun in the "Principles of Natural Knowledge" has by no means reached completion. It may be predicted that Dr. Whitehead, who, at sixty-six, seems still at the fullest tide of enthusiasm and fertility, will carry them even further and apply them to wider areas of thought. He has been invited to remain at Harvard indefinitely and, after delivering the Gifford lectures in England this summer, will return to the United States. We are peculiarly fortunate in America, at a time when we have perhaps more intellectual eagerness and energy than the disillusion and exhaustion of the War have left to Europe and but few intellectual leaders to satisfy it, and when England herself, in poetry, fiction and drama, has but little that is first-rate to send us, to entertain, not merely as a visiting lecturer, but as a resident teacher, a great English philosopher and perhaps one of the great creative minds of our day. EDMUND WILSON.

The Doom of the Arts College

THE Arts College is doomed. We can see it in decay, as compared with its pristine status in our educational system, and we can note it encompassed about with an ever increasing cloud of enemies, conscious and unconscious, malicious and innocent, but all equally deadly.

What has caused this decline of the Arts College, and what is threatening it most seriously today?

It is largely a sad story of matricide. For the developments that have been most inimical to the Arts College, and that continue most seriously to threaten its existence, have been for the most part offspring of the original college itself.

Theology, medicine, and law were, it is true, as reputable fields of learning in medieval universities as philosophy, the direct ancestor of the American Arts College. Indeed, theology may well claim a parity with philosophy or liberal arts in the United States. The first college founded in the American colonies, Harvard College, was to "advance *Learning*, and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches."

Even in these earliest stages there was emphasis on the cultural as well as on the vocational side, since the founders dreaded to leave an "illiterate" ministry to the churches. Moreover, in the formal charter of the college of 1650, the institution was dedicated to the "advancement of all good literature, arts, sciences." The function and aim of the early colleges were, therefore, the turning out of educated men in the broadest sense of the word, of cultured gentlemen in the best meaning of that term.

The professional schools of law and medicine, developing a century or two later in America, first contributed their share to the decline of the Arts College. For whereas, prior to the establishment of these professional schools, the great majority of prospective lawyers and doctors, as well as prospective ministers, "went to college," and that meant to the Arts College, before becoming apprenticed to

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their professions, the spread of university schools of medicine and law, admitting as aspirants for their degrees students with merely a secondary education or less, meant that students went there instead of "to college."

It is true, of course, that a reaction has set in and that the best schools of law and medicine today require the equivalent of a bachelor's degree for admission to the professional courses, thus putting a premium on the completion of the traditional four years' liberal college curriculum. But the number of such high grade schools is small, and the standards of the American Medical Association, for example, demand no more than two years of preliminary college training, while the great majority of the university law schools of the United States are content with an equal amount.

Two of the greatest professions of modern society, therefore, law and medicine, have virtually decided that a liberal education, in the original Arts College sense, cannot be made a prerequisite to entrance upon the more technical professional curriculum and have thereby practically eliminated from the rank of prospective bachelors of arts two of the very groups which society can least afford to have lacking in the essentials of a liberal education.

Nor is the cutting off of the last two years of the four-year arts course the whole of the story. Even the first two years of college, left presumably to the students for the purpose of securing at least half of a liberal education, are frequently determined for them, by the medical colleges at least. Now it seems quite clear that if the intention of the two years of college prerequisite is, as the medical colleges insist it is, to give the student a liberal background, the colleges of arts are much better judges of what such a liberal background should be than are the colleges of medicine. On the other hand, if the purpose of these two preliminary years is to make the prospective medical students take technical subjects, for which the crowded medical college curriculum does not find time, that amounts in effect to pushing the beginning of the medical curriculum back again to the completion of the high school, with a six-year course in the medical school instead of four. In fact, that is exactly the situation in several of our universities, and is the proposal pending before a number of others.

The situation is intensified in a number of our institutions that still cling hopefully to the "two years background" myth, by the organization of the students into pre-medical, pre-dental, pre-law groups, etc. What is the purpose of this organization? Frankly, it is to stimulate the sense of professional solidarity, to set off these students with a definite professional aim from the presumably aimless drifters who are merely seeking a liberal education as such without reference to a profession.

Moreover, not only do the medical colleges undertake to say what courses shall be taken in the two college years by their prospective students, but they want those courses given in a particular way, and, wherever possible, to sections composed wholly of pre-medical students.

Under these conditions it is apparent that the "pre-professional" students in our colleges of arts are in reality, in point of view, "professional" students, who have been almost as completely isolated from the ideas and ideals of a liberal education as though they were attending a six years' medical course, off in some metropolitan school with no college affiliations.

When we turn to engineering, the situation is even more desperate. The thousands upon thousands of students in our engineering schools are admitted from secondary schools and shot through a technical, crowded curriculum that leaves no time for "liberal" courses and no thought for culture. The engineering schools, like the schools of law and medicine, though they did not spring from the Arts Colleges, and though they undoubtedly attract many thousands of students to our universities who would not go to a liberal arts college, none the less represent a further serious inroad upon the numbers who would seek a liberal education if a shorter professional route were not open to them. Moreover, with their overemphasis on technical proficiency, and frank disdain for "useless" subjects and those who pursue them, the engineering students, like the students in law and medicine, contribute to the development of the prevalent inferiority complex under which the true Arts College student is likely to labor in our great universities, especially our great state universities, today.

I am, you will note, looking at the problem of the Arts College not as it exists in the old-time colleges of the East, Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, etc., nor in the fresh-water colleges of the West, nor even in the colleges in such institutions as Harvard and Yale, where the growth of the professional schools has not yet crowded the Arts College completely out of the picture. I am viewing the position of the Arts College primarily as it exists, or attempts to exist, in the state universities of the Middle West and the West. For whatever we may think of the relative merits of privately endowed universities and of state institutions, I am confident that we are definitely committed to the idea of making our state universities the equal of the best in every field. The typical American university of the future is certain to be the state university, not the privately endowed institution, just as the typical secondary school of today is the public high school and not the private academy which was supreme fifty years ago.

So, when I discuss the place and future of the Arts College in our state universities, I am getting at the very heart of the problem. The influence of the privately endowed institutions is steadily diminishing in comparison with that of the state institu-

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tions, and whatever solution is finally worked out by our state universities will necessarily determine the ultimate outcome in the great private institutions as well.

The period when these state universities were founded was one of the most significant periods in the whole history of American education. For while most of our state universities grew directly or indirectly out of the Land Grant Act of 1862, the primary purpose of which was to furnish instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts, the movement was as much an impetus to liberal education as it was to technical education. Agriculture and the mechanic arts were taught, it is true, and colleges of agriculture and of engineering developed as was intended by the framers of the act. But the act itself expressly said that these subjects should be taught "without excluding other scientific and classical studies," and the general purpose was "to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial life."

This was broad enough to encompass the establishment of the traditional liberal college courses, and, in a number of our state universities, the first step taken under this program was the establishment of a college of arts, or college with some similar designation. It is out of this original college of arts that practically all of the later colleges in our state universities have come, and that is almost equally true, of course, of all universities public or private, which have added professional colleges other than law, medicine, or engineering. The subjects that are the basis of these professional courses started almost without exception as courses in the colleges of arts.

Hence it is correct to say that, in one sense, the college of arts is the mother of them all, and if they have in fact brought about the destruction of that mother, they may be properly charged with matricide, however unnatural that mother may at times have appeared to the offspring.

What, then, are some of these monstrous children that are smothering their academic mother, or rather starving her to death by gobbling up all the nourishment in the shape of students, upon which she would normally prosper? A complete enumeration is almost impossible, for while we are talking, almost, a new one may spring into being. But I can give you a sample list by picking up the catalogue of any great state university almost at random. In addition to agriculture, medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, law, and engineering, we find graduate colleges, colleges of business administration or commerce, colleges of fine arts, colleges of education, colleges of journalism, etc., etc.

All of these colleges developed originally out of courses given in the colleges of arts, and when the field could no longer be covered satisfactorily to the interested parties within the confines of the Arts College, and the limitations—God save the mark!—of the bachelor of arts degree, the pressure for the organization of a separate college became stronger and stronger, and, in the interests of peace and harmony in the family, was surrendered to. There you have in a nut-shell the history of the decline and fall of the Arts College.

I have no quarrel, of course, with the idea of professional training for business men, journalists, artists and musicians, and public school teachers. Heaven knows we could do with a lot more of it than we get at present in any of those callings. But aside from venturing the suggestion that technical training built upon graduation from high school is vocational rather than professional, I simply want to point out that the multiplication of these separate colleges, with their special degrees and their claims to special fitness for directing post-high-school activities of students, could not but end disastrously for the Arts College.

The picture seems sad enough by now, I should think, to make the most hard-boiled "practical man" shed uncontrollable tears. But the cup of sorrow is not yet full. While the professional schools are warping the Arts Colleges from the top, and the trade schools are twisting it and pulling it hither and yon on all sides, another danger is approaching it from below. This danger, of course, is the junior college.

The junior college is sweeping the land like a conflagration, and there is a great deal to be said both for and against it as a new development in our educational system. I have no space here to enter into a discussion of the more general aspects of that phenomenon. I would simply point out, however, that if the junior college program is carried out to its logical conclusion, our boys and girls will go to high school at home for two additional years and then to the universities, if at all, as juniors. The junior college should, in the minds of a great many educators, mark the end of their general education, and they should immediately plunge into professional work, the assumption being, I presume, that ultimately all professional work in the universities will be built upon the completion of junior college work. That would inevitably mean the extinction of the Arts College.

Now, is this whole trend of our education unfortunate, or is it a proper adaptation to "modern" conditions? I, for one, cannot believe that the world has less need than heretofore of the educated man merely because it is getting more and more highly trained technicians. The ideals of the Arts College are needed more, not less, since the tremendous rush of students to our universities has made the possession of a university degree almost meaningless. I will not concede that the Arts College in education, like the vermiform appendix in man, could just as well be dispensed with.

Is this trend, then, even if not desirable, really inevitable, as the title chosen for this article

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would imply? It seems so. And yet, if the conviction I have expressed as to the essential value of the ideals of the Arts College is sound, and if the thoughtful leaders of opinion in educational circles will fearlessly champion it, the case may well not be hopeless. Let our professional schools be organized on the basis of a four-year liberal college course as a prerequisite, and let our present trade schools be transformed into professional schools with a similar prerequisite. Then the arts course would have a real dignity and significance. Then even the student who is not yet settled as to his life calling, but desires to become an educated man in the best sense, could attend four years of college without suffering under an inferiority complex. Then the four years of college would offer something which no junior college, conceived merely as an extension of the present high school course, could even dream of duplicating. We should have fewer college graduates, no doubt, but who will deny that they would be better? Or that the crying need of American education today is not more university graduates but better ones?

HERMAN G. JAMES.

Washington Notes

I PREDICT that from the Black Hills of South Dakota we shall see, this summer, perhaps the niftiest publicity campaign ever conducted in the interests of a presidential candidacy. It is no violation of confidence to reveal that proper publicity for Mr. Coolidge has been one of the main considerations in the selection of his vacation ground. No President ever left Washington as elaborately equipped for propaganda purposes as the courageous Calvin. By the time this piece is printed, he will either be on the point of leaving the Capital or on his way. With him will go some thirty-odd newspaper correspondents, a group of a dozen or more moving-picture men, several unofficial but effective press agents, disguised as syndicate writers, a number of expert telegraph operators, camera men representing the photograph syndicates, his literary aide, Stewart Crawford; his astute personal secretary, Theodore Clark, and the heavy-footed but well meaning Everett Saunders—a noble company, indeed, and every last man of them devoted to the task of publicity for Mr. Coolidge during the summer months.

What a snap it will be! What an enormous advantage any President of the United States who desires to hold on to his job has over those who want to pry him out and work themselves in! And particularly, what unprecedented advantages this President has over his predecessors, by reason of the extraordinary press support which has been his from the start, and which, to many observers, is one of the most curious things about this whole curious political period.

Sometimes I am inclined to agree with those sour and sardonic souls who ascribe the unshaken and long sustained enthusiasm of the newspapers for the Mellon-Coolidge administration partly to the undue relief given their rich owners by the tax cut on their high-bracket incomes, and partly to the benevolent nature of certain adjustments made on tax claims by the Internal Revenue Bureau. This latter idea has been stressed on the floor of the Senate by the redoubtable Senator Couzens of Michigan. Couzens is fond of insisting, and very frequently and fully does insist, that if he had control of the Internal Revenue Bureau he would run the politics of the country, and I think it altogether likely he would.

Be that as it may, Mr. Coolidge, camped out in the Black Hills, with a press so completely committed to him that it could not back-track if it wanted, will have with him a corps of correspondents whose job is to keep him on the front page every day, who, even if they desired, are in no position to write anything but friendly human-interest stuff, of the sort calculated to promote the presidential popularity. Some of them will hate it like the devil, but there is not a thing in the world they can do about it. And anyhow, it is nothing like as hard on them as it will be on the presidential aspirants in the Republican party who have no way to combat this sort of campaigning and no way of horning in on it. It pretty nearly drives them wild to see the sheer weight behind this little man shoving him to the point where it is possible for him to disregard a barrier that every other President has recognized as impassable. But I have little sympathy with these unfortunate Republican aspirants who, as far back as 1924, counted upon the anti-third-term tradition to give them at least a fighting chance for the White House in 1928.

There is not one among them who in Mr. Coolidge's place would not have his eye on exactly the same goal. They might play the game in a different way, but the general idea—of holding on if it could be done without too great party and personal risk—would be identical. There are no George Washingtons in politics or public life on either side these days, no statesmen capable of really renouncing their ambitions so long as it is possible to gratify them. At least, I cannot think of any. The "renunciation" of Charles Evans Hughes, for instance, made a few weeks ago, when he declared that under no circumstances would he accept another presidential nomination, meant exactly nothing at all. I do not want to make any unkind comment on Mr. Hughes, because he has had a certain sympathy from me ever since his dreadful experience in 1916, and I merely say that, fine as it sounded, he is not renouncing a single thing that there is the least prospect he could get.

No, I have no sympathy with the other Republican aspirants who will be obscured this summer by the Black Hills publicity campaign, and I have no sympathy either with the so-called Old Guard leaders who, hating the pious Calvin and his smug Massachusetts crew with amazing intensity, resenting him as an accident and an outsider, are yet, by force of political circumstances, compelled to go along with him even to the point of endorsing him for a third term, when they would give their right arms to be rid of him. In private, they moan and groan in pain, but they get no sympathy from me, and, I think, deserve none. In the first place, it is their own fault. They built him up, and now, caught in their own political net, are pretty well helpless. They created their little monster, and are unable at this date

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to cut loose from him, without an exhibition of personal and political courage few of them possess.

So far as I can see, there is but one hope for these suffering and sinful souls, and but one for those other Republican presidential aspirants in various sections of the country. That hope is contained in the unique phrase used the other day by the dashing Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, mouthpiece of the august Andrew and champion of the valiant Vare, who, upon leaving the White House after a conference with Calvin, graciously gave the eager correspondents his views on the subject of taxation and other matters, avoiding, however, certain delicate subjects such as the sad condition of the federal courts, commissions and boards so badly crippled through the failure of the Deficiency Bill at the last session. Senator Reed declared that we are now going through a period of "profitless prosperity." That, when you analyze it, has a certain sinister sound—and meaning. How can there be prosperity without profits? If we have come from prosperity with profits to prosperity without profits, where do we go next? The fact is that Mr. Reed speaks by the big business book.

There is general agreement that the tide of business has begun to slacken, that the time of big profits except for the few has, for the time being, passed, that this year in volume of business and net income will be considerably back—even for the newspapers—of 1926, and there is a feeling that 1928 will be back of 1927. The wisest and most experienced business men in America are not optimistic over the immediate future. Mr. Reed's expression, "profitless prosperity," is a mild way of stating that real prosperity is getting a little thin. If that is true—and Mr. Reed, the Mellon mouthpiece, ought to know—it is politically significant. If, by the end of this year, there really is "profitless prosperity" in the industrial East, coupled with no prosperity at all in the agricultural West, it will probably darken Republican 1928 prospects generally, may cause a revival of Coolidge criticism, and undoubtedly will color that cautious person's views on the subject of third terms for Presidents. It will incline him to take the view that the tradition recognized so emphatically by Theodore Roosevelt is a wise and righteous one. That, as I see it, is the one hope both of the aforesaid Republican presidential aspirants who will be blanketed by the Black Hills smoke this summer, and of the Old Guard leaders who publicly praise Mr. Coolidge but privately bite their hands when they think of him.

But if things do not work out that way, and Calvin gets away with the nomination next year, I shall not sympathize with the sore-heads. It's their own fault. Personally, while my desire for a continuation of prosperity is very much stronger than my desire for any sort of political change, I rather hope that the big business men are right, and that the slackening up will be noticeable enough this and next year to create new political currents. I say this because of my belief, the soundness of which, I think, will not be disputed, that no prosperity lasts forever, that the tide on which we have been riding now for six solid years is bound to turn soon. My preference is to have it turn now so as to get us a new set of political scenery in Washington, rather than have it wait until 1929, when we may be hooked for another four years by the present set of shoddy, shabby, fourth-rate ham actors who today strut the political stage in Washington and have possession of our principal political roles. With them, I, in common with many others I meet here, am most completely and thoroughly bored.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Virginia Reflections

IT is late in the day, of course, to be admiring the University of Virginia, but there can be no harm in setting down the reflections that the first sight of it has aroused in an honest bosom. I had been motoring for three or four days through the Colonial country, southward from New York to Charlottesville, and we had been admiring American houses of the middle-eighteenth century and on into the first few years of the nineteenth, and many a gentle and charming example had been shown to us. There were pleasant old façades, pretty doorsteps and sometimes windows where the old glass remained, tinted and iridescent with the sun and rain of years. There were cornices, pediments and finistrations, all duly and almost anxiously pointed out, that had a certain elegance and distinction and a hint of chic. And there was not rarely a sense of home-dwelling and family repose and style, though melancholy time had also something to do, no doubt, with the quietness and privacy of this seclusion.

But it was a thin elegance, after all, style that was, at best, choice and small, and a distinction in little things. I could not but think, as I was led from one gentle and pleasing structure to another, and shown one or another aging wall or softened color, that nature had intended much of what I was asked to expend on these sights to be expended equally on landscapes and woodland, on any of the cadences, in fact, that time and weather give to the visible scene. I could not but think that, compared to what the world has to offer in grand and intricate architectural invention and power, not to speak of rich materials, all this that I saw was a very slight affair indeed. It was something to be grateful for, to delight in and to love, but not to be limited by or led to lean and foolish standards.

With what a shock, then, I saw, as the car stopped on the street below Jefferson's Rotunda, what needed no sympathy or sentiment brought to its advantage. As music appears only in its sound, the core of architecture, its computation in pure space, no picture can show; the Rotunda was as new to me as if I had never seen a photograph. There is nothing else to say, for words do even less than the camera. I can only remind myself first of the sense I had of the superb mind and idea expressed; and then of the magnificent elevation, not the elevation with the ground terraces and steep, telling steps, but of the building itself, the height at which the cornice comes, the relation to that cornice line of the pediment, the straight line back of the pediment, the low, rich, worldly curve of the dome, and the relation of all these to the curve of the walls beneath. The Rotunda suggests Hadrian's Pantheon, obviously, and the tomb of Theodoric at Ravenna and the conceptions of Palladio. But its genius consists in its brilliant restatement of

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the tradition. This appears throughout, and especially with regard to the use of the material, the brick, stone and plaster; it is by the architect's management of this red and white that he is most convincing and impressive, I mean Jefferson's wonderful creation of an effect of intimacy and local life along with the formal splendor of the style he works in.

The plan of the university, as every architect knows, consists of a rectangle, at one end of which is the Rotunda, with its porch, its wings with their colonnades and balustraded upper terraces; at the other end, down a gradation of dropping terraces, Messrs. McKim, Mead and White have disgraced themselves with a pseudo-Greek Beaux Arts building, whose liver color could even now be reddened to match the other walls nearby, but whose horror is easily forgotten in the pervading charm of the place. On the sides of the quadrangle are the professors' houses at intervals, all in one style but never the same design; they are connected by the quarters for students and by a colonnade the full length of the group. Behind these buildings are private gardens, between the famous serpentine walls of which go now and again walks to the ranges, small rooms with their arcades running along in front of them and opening on lawns and the shade of trees. At the sight one thinks of many a convent cloister, of Sabioneta outside Mantua, of garden arcades, places whose beauty is curiously poignant and objective at the same time, and whose thought works within simple and permanent forms. The impression of Jefferson's whole plan is one of grave intellectual beauty, boldness, style, aristocratic statement, masculine sentiment.

I find myself wondering now, as I wondered even then in the beauty and unity of its spell, what chance such a place can have in our American world today, and why more hubbub and publicity has not arisen popularly to spread its atmosphere and myth. I fancy the dice are loaded against it. It is too aristocratic to be easy, too formally exacting to be democratic and casual, too intellectual to be general. You cannot look at it as you can at some of our Gothic collegiate fabrics and feel that from such a romantic spiritual, mental confusion and ecstatic if slightly dubious architectural imitation, great saints and great millionaires may arise to bless or endow their alma mater. Nor can you easily imagine, as you might in some simple white little college begun by the village elders, that here may be inspired or sterilized some plain blunt lad whose rugged work will make a hero for the republic. Jefferson's university has not even had a tenth-rate poet to sing its respectable aspirations; it has had only Poe. And even now I find it hard to think of college hymns and college spirit flourishing fervently on those Virginia grounds, or to picture class reunions, when the old students return for a moment's flutter of the intellectual wings before they relapse again into their practical barnyards.

I liked the University of Virginia all the better for not looking rich all over, corn-fed, buttered at every angle with alumni fat. It was a rest to see doors left scratched, cracks here and there, and fewer marble baths, to see not everything so *de luxe*, so nervously in order, like the clothes and hair of a super-bank-clerk. Such a place as this suggests traditions and inherited ideas whose impression may mean a [illegible] man in his life, blurred but sure, though he may have forgotten them. I could hope that the grace of it gives something that may pass from young to old and that will not leave them, as they mostly are in American life and among peasants, merely the young, merely the old, without communication.

Such a Southern place as this suggests eloquence, rhetoric, or even, at the worst, bombast, but not bourgeois cant. It suggests for its teaching none of your insistent penetration and spiritual, psychological meddling with young men's souls and states, but a habit of allowing men to ripen of themselves and the vitality natural to their characters to achieve the growth implicit in it. Its origin was eighteenth century, free in the sense Jefferson understood, aristocratic in his sense; so that in it still, let us hope, there must be less of the smell of Calvinistic brimstone, which was a personal odor thrown off by the sweating souls of egoists and soured in the close house of private salvation, and more of the old fragrance of civilization, which arose from public graces and a desire for those forms of moral beauty in which men may live best, not to themselves but in some sort of society together.

STARK YOUNG.

Song

I shall not sprinkle with dust
A creature so clearly lunar;
You must die—but of course you must—
And better later than sooner.
But if it should be in a year
That year itself must perish;
How dingy a thing is fear,
And sorrow, how dull to cherish!
And if it should be in a day
That day would be dark by evening,
But the morning might still be gay
And the noon have golden leavening.
And beauty's a moonlight grist
That comes to the mills of dying;
The silver grain may be missed
But there's no great good in crying.
Though luminous things are mould
They survive in a glance that crossed them,
And it's not very kind to scold
The empty air that has lost them.
The limpid blossom of youth
Turns into a poison berry;
Having perceived this truth
I shall not weep but be merry.
Therefore die when you please;
It's not very wise to worry;
I shall not shiver and freeze;
I shall not even be sorry.
Beautiful things are wild;
They are gone, and you go after;
Therefore I mean, my child,
To charm your going with laughter.
Love and pity are strong,
But wisdom is happily greater;
You will die, I suppose, before long.
Oh, worser sooner than later!

ELINOR WYLIE.

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The Best Jane Austen

The Novels of Jane Austen, the text based on Collation of the Early Editions by R. W. Chapman, with Notes, Indexes and Illustrations from Contemporary Sources. New York: Oxford University Press. Five vols. $10.

IN 1923 Mr. Chapman, secretary of the Oxford University Press, published a limited edition of Miss Austen, on large paper, and expensive. This edition is a reprint, with one or two of the illustrations omitted. The type is the same. Either edition, if the other did not exist, would be the best in the world. The text is the most accurate and intelligent. Delightful appendixes tell us just what we like to know—what meals her characters ate, and at what hours; in what sort of vehicles they traveled, what traveling post was like, how far on their journey they used their own horses; how they wrote their letters and addressed one another. "Lovers' Vows" is printed with "Mansfield Park." The illustrations show us, among other things worth seeing, Bath as it was in the time of "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion"—Milsom Street as it looked to Catherine when she proceeded down it "gaily to Pulteney-street; walking, as she concluded, with great elasticity, though she had never thought of it before." In one respect the reprint is even an improvement upon the original. Addenda give us a pleasant sense of the attention with which the 1923 edition has been studied. Professor Gilbert Murray supplies a bit of information which Mr. Chapman had no means of getting four years ago. Light is thrown upon the nature of a "barouche-landau."

Miss Austen herself, if she were to revisit this earth, would not wish for a perfecter editor than Mr. Chapman, either of "my stupidest of all" or of "my own darling child." His affectionate intimacy with her novels is amused and urbane, his scholarship, for all its minuteness, is informal. She would need time, of course, a good deal of time, in which to accustom herself to the mere fact of such an edition's existence. But every sign of her fame, of its present extent and its kind, would at first surprise her as much as "his first appearance on any stage" surprised Sir Thomas Bertram. Except Shelley, none of her contemporaries famous today had so little fame while alive. Not quite two years before her death she did learn, to be sure, that the Prince Regent read her novels often and "kept a set in every one of his residences." And when Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, "declared himself commissioned to say that if Miss Austen had any other novel forthcoming she was at liberty to dedicate it to the Prince," she acted on the suggestion. But her letters to Mr. Clarke do not disclose how she felt about it. They are courteous, not more. There is no record of her thinking the Prince's notice "a prodigious recompense for that which had cost her nothing." This, her nephew tells us, was her description of the £150 she got from the sale of "Sense and Sensibility." And we have no warrant for supposing that her nephew himself had the Prince Regent in view when he said of her novels, in 1870: "Nor have they lost their first distinction of being especially acceptable to minds of the highest order."

"Highest order," of course, does not mean in this context just what it means outside. Here, loosely and hospitably used, it means Disraeli, who read "Pride and Prejudice" seventeen times. It means Tennyson, who wanted, when he reached Lyme after a nine-mile walk across the hills from Bridport, neither food nor a guide to Monmouth's landing-place, but said at once: "Now take me to the Cobb, and show me the steps from which Louisa Musgrove fell." "Highest order" means Lady Ritchie, who called the novels "dear books, bright, sparkling with wit and animation, in which the homely heroines charm, the dull hours fly, and the very bores are enchanting." Lady Ritchie it was, too, who wrote these sentences, oftener quoted, I suppose, than any praise of Miss Austen except Macaulay's in The Edinburgh and Sir Walter's in his diary: "Her heroines have a stamp of their own. They have a certain gentle self-respect and humor and hardness of heart." Words so pleasant that they deserve their currency, though neither Catherine nor Fanny nor Anne is hard-hearted, and though "gentle" does not fit Elizabeth's self-respect when she refuses Darcy or Emma's when she tells Mr. Elton that she has "no thoughts of matrimony at present."

Lady Ritchie, however, is not the only one of Miss Austen's readers whose praise of her is more delightful than acute. If we except Mrs. Woolf, whose essay is all charm and insight together, and Professor Firkins, whose active-minded book was written to make us examine our opinions, I think a certain mental inactivity is common to us all while reading Miss Austen or talking of her. So I infer from many agreeable essays, lectures, introductions. And of one reader at any rate, whose acquaintance with the novels began when he was younger than Catherine Morland when she first visited Bath, and who is now more than old enough to be Anne Elliot's father, I am sure this is true. No, Miss Austen requires of us none "of those extraordinary bursts of mind which do sometimes occur." It is not mind that we all have in common. Yet we have something in common. Not her highest but her "lowest ideal" reader has a habit of observing his fellow-creatures not necessarily at dinner or in a country house, but in some place where they show about as much of themselves. He is more interested in what they say, as self-disclosure, than in the subjects they talk of. He is on the lookout, in particular, for disclosures of silliness, egotism, pretentiousness, vanity, meanness, selfishness. Though he may prefer the finer shades of these, he enjoys all their shades, their brightest colors. It fascinates him to watch now the restraint put upon these traits by good breeding, now the liberty that ill breeding gives them. With a collector's love of his hobby he picks up specimens of "the indirect boast," or of "whatever bears affinity to cunning." His greatest prize is one of those speeches, with which life is to his taste too thin-sown, which turn the comic light upon the unconscious speaker. And this observer is not depressed by what he sees. On the contrary. Though you could not say that he loves mankind, he is closely attentive to its ways. It exhilarates him. Give him this spectacle, add a few persons for whom he has a steady affection, and he is endlessly interested in life.

Was Miss Austen's curiosity, one of the most observant curiosities that have put their discoveries into books, no more exacting than this? Did it never wonder, never wish to explore? We cannot be certain, for her sense of the distinction between what she could do as a novelist, and what she could not, was sharp. Self-knowledge, and not inability to be puzzled by human nature, may be the explanation of the extreme distinctness with which she draws her best-drawn men and women. None of her very few indistinct characters is indistinct because he is complicated or otherwise hard to understand. Either she did not see him clearly, or else, for once in a way, she could not invent for him those speeches which give a person away, sum him up, and also tell us, at the moment of each new surprise, that he is running true to form. To be always true to form is to lack one kind of truth, no doubt. But ha

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ist drawn any character with all kinds of truth, if we include the exhaustive? Of course not, and the kind of truth he or she aims at is one of the things most worth finding out about any novelist. Miss Austen's aim was the truth of comedy, hers is the method of comedy, and by her convention she gives us, as every novelist tries by some convention or other to give us, a substitute for those visual images which are often in real life our only means of isolating and identifying the more indistinct persons of our acquaintance. Her convention wears well. Is there any other novelist so large a proportion of whose characters are so animated, so autonomous, so easy to remember? That is why we read her again and again, though it ought to be, if we sit back and reason about it, why we do not. The ultimate explanation of her re-readableness has never been discovered. When Squire Headling's guests are walking about his grounds, Mr. Gall says: "Allow me . . . I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness.*" And Mr. Milestone asks: "Pray, sir, by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?" If Mr. Gall had been able to answer, we should be nearer knowing why Miss Austen's readers read her over and over, with a pleasure that does not grow old. But Mr. Gall did not answer. He found biting his lip easier.

P. L.

White Africa at All Costs

The South Africans, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Boni and Liveright. 287 pages. $3.50.

NO South African, with roots in that country, or ties of work and personal association there, can be completely trusted to portray that cauldron of racial furies which is South Africa today. Sarah Gertrude Millin does so, but chiefly through suggestion, and with the inevitable conclusion of ruling white Africa that the black man simply does not measure up; he is relegated to permanent inferiority. Even the author of "God's Stepchildren" has her color limitations.

In and out of the pages weaves the theme of tragedy, the tragedy of color, for the author is an artist to whom human motives are transparent material. Her gift as a novelist serves to create for the uninitiated reader the spirit of Africa, its hard glittering beauty, its surface European veneer on a throbbing primitiveness, its aliveness, its adventure, its transcendent peace, its spell on all those who have ever been there. The sharp white light, the hot days and blessedly cool nights, the soft breezes, the twanging melodies, the fragrant flowers, the gracious manners, the morning and afternoon tea, all the little things that go to make up picturesque white Africa, are unsurpassably described. The poetry, intensity, aspiration and frustrations of black and colored Africa are made brutally clear. So are the history and economics there, but they fail to have the appeal of the passages concerned with beauty alone.

In that portion of the book on history, she is subtly anti-English and pro-Boer, or wholly Africaander. She cheapens the titanic majesty of Rhodes; she gently removes Smuts from a field of influence; British hold on Africa fades out under her pen. One may despise imperialism, and yet hope to see England retain control of South Africa, for one may regard South African imperialism as a boon to the nation compared to the provincial, insular 100 percent white negrophobe nationalism of the Dutch and Laborites.

South Africa is popularly known as White Man's Africa, for in it are concentrated 1,500,000 whites, more whites than in the whole of the rest of Africa. However, so are there 500,000 colored inhabitants; about 170,000 to 200,000 Asiatics, almost wholly Indians; and 5,000,000 natives of the Bantu race. Whereas, in the other tropical and subtropical colonies, men come for a contracted number of years or on a gamble, in South Africa white men are there to stay. They have been there for three hundred years, first as a handful of Dutch sent by the Dutch East India Company to maintain a food and coaling station for ships bent for India, then as a permanent Dutch colony augmented by French Huguenots fleeing the Edict of Nantes, conquered by the English late in the eighteenth century. Hopelessly in the minority, to fortify their English standards and mode of life, the English brought over the 1825 settlers, about three thousand men, women, and children.

It is not necessary to dwell on the difficulties of either the conquered or the conquerors. They differed in race, religion, temperament, and outlook. On no point did they differ more radically than on the native question.

The English, fresh from Europe at a time when the Rights of Man were parlor conversation, gave the franchise in the Cape to colored, natives, and Asiatics, and whites, regardless of creed or color. Likewise they abolished slavery. It was only human that the Dutch, who had two centuries of native war and rebellion behind them, should have resented this. Though the government reimbursed all slave owners, the Boers, in 1835, ten thousand strong, left the Cape Province, trekked across the Vaal River and established the two Dutch Republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The English remained in control of the Cape Province and Natal. In 1910, all four provinces united into the present self-governing Union of South Africa. Political amalgamation has not blended the divergent racial philosophies, but accented them, though individual English, after a generation in South Africa, increasingly tend to acquire the traditional Dutch view on the native.

Because the native was not a friend, because he was and is lazy, the sugar planters of the sixties brought to South Africa indentured labor from India. As is often the way of downtrodden races, the Indians toiled early and late and hoarded every penny, and because they were natural lovers of fruits and flowers, they turned Natal into a garden colony and made it yield them gold. From these humble beginnings, the Indians rose to almost complete control of the trade of Natal. And then a hue and cry was raised; and then the passive resistance movement in which Gandhi now leads India, and then led South Africa, was born. Other countries may class the Indian as a Caucasian, but South Africa has its own anthropology. There the Indian comes under the color bar.

In 1924, the Nationalists succeeded to power on a slogan of South Africa First. They maintain their power in Parliament by a pact with twenty-one members of the Labor party, who are directly responsible for the color bar. The color bar was invoked for the mining industry. In Johannesburg, in true prophetic Marxian manner, the white champions of labor dug trenches in the streets and waged guerrilla warfare to preserve their economic status, demanding that the black workman be permanently reduced to the least remunerative and heaviest work, and that he be kept by law from competing with them. This law, which specified for the mining industry that the color of a man's skin should determine forever his inability to rise in his own industry, has been extended to every other industry in the country.

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The native policy of the Nationalist Premier, General Hertzog, lays down the principle of "differential treatment" for natives and Asiatics as against Europeans and colored: the colored are to be absorbed. After three generations of service in the mines, diamond and gold, revenue from which almost wholly supports the government, the natives are to be discouraged from entering white territory, but given ample land and opportunity for fullest development in their segregated areas. In return for large grants of land sacrificed by the Europeans, the native is to give up his Cape Franchise. To those familiar with South African conditions, this plan is not only quixotic: it is the beginning of trouble on the dark continent.

It is a struggle for supremacy. But to succeed in becoming supreme, one must be equipped with something more than white skin, and that is a fact which South Africa will not recognize. Whether or not one agrees with Mrs. Millin's point of view, one must concede that no better picture of South Africa has ever been presented, that in her few hundred pages she lays bare both black and white Africa, and makes the South African scene the most fascinating, not only of Africa, but perhaps of the present time.

REBECCA HOURWICH.

Americana

Chains, by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Oil! by Upton Sinclair. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

Bread and Fire, by Charles Rumford Walker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

A MAN may well ask the question, at this stage of the game, what is a novel? The Spencerian generalization, that all things progress from a simple homogeneous state to a complex heterogeneity, is admirably exemplified in the three volumes with which we are concerned. The question, on the other hand, seems to be made easier to answer when one complicates it by adding the word "American." What is an American novel? The answer is, all these books are fundamentally and intrinsically American. In their style, form and matter they are American through and through. And they may well give Americans food for thought.

The reviewer with any modesty in him at all will feel a certain nervousness on approaching the work of Mr. Dreiser. There has been built up around this novelist a mysterious structure whose portals are guarded by certain eminent critics. It seems to be almost *lèse-majesté* for the ordinary mortal to express an opinion. The foolish mortal who wants a novel to read which will interest him is warned off with shot-guns. Dreiser is, or was, not for him. In the old days, we are given to understand, nobody except radicals and intellectuals read him, yet everybody knew he was a great novelist. Dreiser, in short, was talked about. This reviewer, who is neither a radical nor an intellectual, once spent two consecutive voyages reading the works of Dreiser. The opinion he arrived at on reaching port once more has not been modified by "Chains." Mr. Dreiser, he felt, had an uncanny genius for writing about intensely interesting people in an intensely uninteresting way. The Dreiserian enthusiasts are apt to say, "Ah!" and look knowing when this view is advanced, but they fail to offer any satisfactory rebuttal of it. "Chains" consists of collected short stories, called, for some reason or other, "lesser novels," which have appeared in magazines over a long period of time. The story entitled "The Hand" must have been read by this reviewer many years ago in The Smart Set. One of the best—indeed, Dreiser at his best—is "Convention," of a much more recent vintage. There are several oriental stories included here, which are curious experiments for Dreiser and show the slant of his mind. "Sanctuary," in any other hands, would have been a beautiful story. By Dreiser, it is a piece of pathetic reporting.

Here, in fact, if one would sum up a man's life work in a phrase—and no one is more aware of the injustice of such a summing-up than this reviewer—one is compelled to say that for beauty Mr. Dreiser cares not at all. He is preoccupied with what he calls truth. But he has chosen the wrong medium. The novelist who seeks truth save through the beauty of words, the beauty of structure and selection, the beauty of shaped phrases, will discover, sooner or later, that what he thought was truth is only a grimace on the features of humanity. He will discover that what he sought has eluded him. The methods of science in the novelist's work-room are, if the truth be blurted out, unsuccessful. If we have learned anything at all in our long pilgrimage from Smollett and Fielding to Ring Lardner and Ernest Hemingway, it is that we know nothing about men and women save what we discover in ourselves.

In Mr. Upton Sinclair's "Oil!" we are still on American ground, but it is not enchanted ground. The publisher's announcement on the jacket informs us that it is a "complex pattern of everyday life." The fact is, Mr. Sinclair's novel is far from a complex pattern. It is a very simple pattern, woven with such great dexterity that it seems even simpler. Those of us who lose patience with Mr. Sinclair as a propagandist, who have read his fanatical nonsense in "The Brass Check," in "The Goose Step" and, above all, in "Mammonart," will rejoice to discover that a man may be a fine novelist and a crazy fanatic at the same time. This does not mean that his skill as a novelist derives from his craziness as a fanatic. Upton Sinclair is a novelist because he cannot help himself. Here he has let himself go. He does his little bit of muck-raking—and that little bit will make the author of "Revelry" regret he was not more frank—but the glorious story of the oil man and his son Bunny rushes on. It is told, with great skill, through the eyes of the boy, a typically American kid. Celebrated persons, politicians, motion-picture magnates and stars, oil men, evangelists and radicals, are presented under the thinnest of pseudonyms. Mr. Coolidge will be "annoyed" again. But all this might be cut away. Like Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Sinclair makes his novel too long by at least fifty thousand words. It is a marvelous panorama of Southern California life. The scenes at the drillings, the astute maneuverings for advantage of the oil companies and the "independents," the drama of small folk who agree to agree, and then disagree furiously over their oil-rights, hold the reader like a vice. It is story-telling with an edge on it. One feels all the time the preacher in Sinclair tearing at his entrails; but for once he has a story that must out at all costs, and the preacher has only an intermittent success. One of these days, let us hope, Upton Sinclair, the novelist, will assassinate the Reverend Sinclair, the fanatical preacher. For the time being we may be thankful for "Oil!"

It is a curious fact that the author of "Bread and Fire," a newcomer among the novelists, is the most conservative of the three in his manner. Charles Rumford Walker, who wrote "Steel," may be classed with Dreiser and Sinclair only in so far as he is intensely interested in the American scene. While Dreiser aims to be a detached observer, and Sinclair an impassioned partisan of the worker, the radical,

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the communist and the trade-unionist, Mr. Walker has gone into steel and copper mills and worked there and tried to get the workman's reaction to things. He cannot do this, of course. He can only get his own reaction.

To this reviewer, the scenes in "Bread and Fire" which evoked true wonder were not those in the brass factory, interesting as they may be, but the goings on of the radical men and women on the Economic Weekly and Social Policy Group—the S. P. G. Whether the views and behavior of these groups are typical must be left to someone familiar with them to decide. Mr. Walker can take his radicals, however, or leave them alone. The keynote of his book—far more than in either "Chains" or "Oil!"—is a sense of futility. His book, so far from ending upon a high note—which is not necessarily a shrill note or a false note—leaves one feeling dejected. Perhaps dejection is good for us at times. Most of us can find ample sources of dejection in our own experience. Certainly the general public resents having the sins and sorrows of the world laid upon it. Who would guess, from a perusal of our great popular magazines, priced from five cents to thirty-five, that there is unemployment and suffering in America? Who would believe, relying upon the same majestic authorities, that employers and capitalists are occasionally unscrupulous? Yet Mr. Walker, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Dreiser unite in saying that such people do exist, that all is not well in the best of all possible Americas, that workmen rot here as well as in Europe, and that the phrase "land of opportunity" sometimes has a sinister significance. The last words of "Bread and Fire" are the key, perhaps. "'New jobs,' he began, 'New bosses——'" They express, as do these three books, the restless, ruthless spirit of the land.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

A Reed Shaken by the Wind

Hans Christian Andersen. The True Story of My Life. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation. 313 pages. $2.50.

HANS Christian Andersen was one of the most extraordinary men of an extraordinary generation. He was the contemporary of Thorwaldsen and Oehlenschläger, of Hugo and Dumas and Balzac and David, of Heine and Mendelssohn, and of Jenny Lind, and all of these he knew. His own peculiar genius won for him the fraternity of the foremost artists of Europe, but he was never intellectually their equal. Those charming tales which opened to countless thousands the doors of wonderland opened to him the doors of the society and royalty of Europe, but the cobbler's son from Odense was never quite at ease. Men loved him for the sincerity and homeliness and kindliness of his child-like character, which is imaged in the "Tales for Children," but he was interested primarily in achieving distinction as a dramatist and novelist. He fretted that his contemporaries did not recognize his genius, but they discovered it earlier than he.

"It matters nothing if one is born in a duck-yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg," he observed sagely of the Ugly Duckling, and his autobiography is to a large extent an elaboration and, to a certain extent, an explanation of this aphorism. It is a volume we approach with considerable anticipation and complete with some disappointment. As a document for the psychological study of Andersen, it is invaluable: it reveals to us the wistful peasant boy and the trusting, sentimental poet in all his virginal shyness and lovableness. But beyond this, it does so little! With complete naïveté, Andersen portrays his own eccentric genius and its development, but nowhere does he escape from this engaging contemplation of himself.

In "The True Story of My Life," all Europe is a stage, but Hans the only actor on it. There is a distressing self-absorption, a lamentable failure to appreciate the world he was in, an amazing immunity to larger ideas. Hans Andersen had an acquaintance as wide as that of Henry Adams, but what a difference in their autobiographies! Andersen never escaped the transcendent wonder of his own life: "I had and still have a feeling as though I were a poor peasant lad over whom a royal mantle is thrown." He is not only the darling of Romanticism, not only the purveyor of it, but the very embodiment of the movement.

HENRY COMMAGER.

Where Psychology and Psychiatry Converge

Psychopathology, its Development and its Place in Medicine, by Bernard Hart. New York: The Macmillan Company. 153 pages. $2.40.

IN any contribution bearing the name of Dr. Bernard Hart of London we may be sure of finding authority and an expert command of logical statement. The present volume is altogether the best available statement of the modern psychological approach to the understanding not only of mental disorder but of the allied phases of mental adjustment in general, and all that is coming to be practically considered under Mental Hygiene. In view of the very different histories of the interest in psychology on the one hand and in the treatment of mental disorder on the other, it was only natural that, when these two streams of knowledge and interest converged, there should be much misunderstanding on both sides. The traditional psychiatrist was none too favorably disposed in attitude toward the psychologist, who was regarded in some quarters more as an intruder than as a coöperator; and it was regrettably true that many psychologists were totally unequipped with the clinical approach to the mental mechanisms which they considered too largely in their intellectual service as an academic discipline. With the rapid recognition of the role of psychological motives in human affairs, there was added the additional hazard of popular misinterpretation, and a rush from all quarters to apply psychology to any and every problem.

Dr. Hart maintains the only logical and consistent position in taking the psychological technique as a necessary part of the equipment of the neurologist and the psychiatrist. He makes it plain that psychology is a basic science for certain phases of what, in the older view, was called mental medicine. Treatment must follow diagnosis, and diagnosis requires the instruments of psychology in many forms of maladjustment, just as clearly as in others it requires the technique of the stethoscope or the X-ray.

Dr. Hart does well to include a logical justification of his position, as a matter of scientific method. He removes the objection, or suspicion, that, because these methods are of a different order than those of a more exact technique, they are less scientific. It is the logical clarity which dominates the work and gives it an importance hardly suggested by its brief compass. In the review of the methods of psychopathology, suggestion, persuasion, and analysis are considered, and their several values made plain. It is equally made plain that analysis is by no means limited to

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psychoanalysis in the Freudian sense, though Freud, more than anyone else, is responsible for the widespread recognition of the leading concepts. Dr. Hart's book serves equally as a history of the development of what may be spoken of as the psychogenic principle, a term which he endorses and which best describes the psychic factor and origin of symptoms observable in normal as well as abnormal life. The contributions of Freud and Jung and Adler are critically judged and, best of all, placed in their proper relation. The account of the genesis of Freud's system is as admirable as it is terse.

Dr. Hart is representative of an unusually fine tradition in British psychiatry, which has been fortunate in having as leaders men who are capable of wise formulation and attractive statement, thus appealing to the intelligent lay reader. Such names as Maudsley, Mercier, Mott, and many another have been influential in disseminating a correct knowledge of the field of mind and its place in mental control. While a very much slenderer stream of contribution than the large American output, it has been more conservative and effective. It waited altogether too long to include the Freudian insight, but, once this was included, gave it, owing to the experience with war neuroses, a far more critical consideration.

Dr. Hart's little book on "The Psychology of Insanity" has been so widely circulated that it prepares for him a public ready to receive this authoritative message, first delivered as the three Goulstonian lectures on the place of psychopathology in medicine. The volume also includes an essay on "The Methods of Psychotherapy," and an extremely interesting account of "The Psychology of Rumor." The latter centers about the many examples to which the war hysteria gave prominence. Everyone who really wants to know what are the underlying concepts of the common ground of psychology and psychiatry should read Dr. Hart's book.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

A Correction

In the issue of the New Republic for June 1, on page 48, it is erroneously stated that Mr. William Le Baron has left Famous Players to join the organization of which Mr. Cecil De Mille is the effective head. Mr. Le Baron joined Film Booking Offices about two months ago as vice-president, and was never associated with Mr. De Mille.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, English publicist, has just returned from another visit to Russia. He is the author of "Across the Border," "Russian Impressions," and other books.

HERMAN G. JAMES is Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences and Dean of the Graduate College of the University of Nebraska.

REBECCA HOURWICH has recently spent eight months in South Africa as correspondent for the Hearst magazines.

WILLIAM MCFEE, sea-going engineer and novelist, is the author of "Casuals of the Sea," "Command," "An Ocean Tramp," and other books.

HENRY COMMAGER, former American-Scandinavian Fellow at the University of Copenhagen, is at present instructor in history at New York University.

JOSEPH JASTROW, PH. D., has occupied the chair of Psychology in the University of Wisconsin since 1888. He is the author of "Fact and Fable in Psychology," "The Subconscious," "Character and Temperament," and numerous other works.

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